



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NEDL TRANSFER



HN 4FIN E

KPC 299



BLOSSOMS

OF

CHILDHOOD.

BY A MOTHER

NEW YORK:

LEWIS COLBY, & CO.

122 NASSAU STREET

1847.

KPC 299

SWANSEA COLLEGE LIBRARY
SHIELDON FUND
JULY 10, 1940

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year
1839, by JOHN W. MITCHELL, (as Treasurer of the
General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union,) in
the Office of the Clerk of the Southern District of New
York.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHEN General Washington was about six years old, he became the owner of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was very fond, and was constantly going about chopping every thing that came in his way. One day as he was playing in the garden, he tried the edge of his hatchet on a beautiful young cherry tree which was a great favorite with his father, and injured it very much. The next morning when his father found out what had happened to the tree, he came into the house and enquired who had done the mischief, but no body could tell him any thing about it. Presently, he saw his little son coming towards him with his hatchet in his hand, and he said, "George, do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree

yonder in the garden?" George was taken by surprise and for a moment did not answer, but then looking at his father he said, "Papa, I cannot tell a lie—I cut it with my hatchet." His father not only forgave him, but kissed him, and said that he thought his son's good conduct was worth a thousand such trees as the one he had destroyed.

When General Washington was about eleven years old his father died, and he lived with his mother upon the plantation in Virginia. At that time, his mother owned a fine colt which was remarkably wild and had never been broken, although it was quite old enough. George had frequently watched this colt as it pranced round the field, snuffing up the wind, and more than once he wished that he was upon its back. One day he told his wishes to some of his young friends, who promised to come early the next morning and assist him to mount.

Accordingly, the little party assembled the next day soon after sun rise, and went to the field where the colt was kept, at no great distance from the house, and after

trying a long time, they at length succeeded in putting a bridle upon him ; and while several of the boys held the bridle, George with a single leap jumped upon his back. A dreadful struggle followed between the horse and his rider, till at length in the fury of his plunges, the noble animal burst a blood vessel which caused his instant death, and fell headlong to the ground.

George was not at all hurt by the fall, but he was grieved to see the lifeless body of the horse lying before him, and to know that he had been the cause of its death. He thought also of his mother and of her affection for the animal, and this added to his trouble.

Shortly after the boys were called to breakfast, and though they felt afraid to meet Mrs. Washington, they went in and sat down to table. She soon asked them whether they had seen her fine colt that morning, but as no one answered, she repeated the question. At length George said, "your sorrel colt is dead, mother."

"Dead, George ;" exclaimed she, "dead do you say?"

"Yes, he is dead," replied George, "I will tell you mother how it happened, I am the only one in fault." And then he gave a correct account of the whole matter. Before he had finished speaking, his mother's displeasure had all passed away, and she said kindly, "While I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LOUIS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Louis, Duke of Burgundy, grandson of King Louis the 15th, was born at Versailles, in the year 1751. If he had lived, he would have been King of France : but he died, much beloved and regretted, when he was only nine years old.

Even when he was a little child, he was very desirous to know the name and the use of every thing he saw, and listened attentively to the conversation which he heard; so that before he was five years old he had learned a great deal. With some of his lessons he was so much pleased, that he used to say he could not consider them as tasks, but as amusements. His teachers were very kind in explaining to him every thing which he wanted to know, and in answer-

ing all his little questions ; and he gained a great deal from talking with them, as well as from books. It is said that he never was known to tell a lie, and when he had done wrong he did not make excuses, but was always willing to confess it at once.

He liked to be told the truth. He was very fond of Tourolle, one of his servants ; "because," said the good and sensible child, "he never spares me, but tells me freely when I do wrong." One day when somebody praised him more than he deserved, he was displeased and said, "Sir you flatter me and I do not like to be flattered." "You used to flatter me," said he to a young nobleman, "and I disliked you then, but I love you now, because you speak the truth and tell me of my faults."

This sweet child, though he lived in a palace and was the King's grandson, and was dearly beloved by his parents, was very good and obedient. It was never necessary to threaten him or to punish him : a word, or a look was sufficient. He was always much grieved when his mother

seemed displeased with him, or spoke to him less kindly than she generally did. At such times he would often weep, and say to her, clasping his little hands, "Dear mamma, pray do not be angry with me, I will do what you please." One day, when he was a very little boy, he spoke improperly to his governess, and was displeased because she found fault with him. But a few minutes after, he became sensible that he had done wrong, and was sorry for it; he took her hand and kissed it, and said to her, "My dear friend, I am not worthy of your kindness, I deserve to be punished."

LOUIS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY,
CONTINUED.

The prince did not despise any body, nor behave rudely to any body. When he saw deformed or infirm persons, he did not stare at them, nor mock them; he pitied them and was always very sorry when any thing was said or done, that might give them pain.

He was very compassionate to people who

were in distress, and did all he could to assist them. When he received for the first time the pocket money which the King, his grandfather, allowed him, he put by half of it, to be given away in charity. Hearing one day, that a poor industrious man had suffered much from a fire, and had a large family of young children, the prince was greatly affected, but he did not say much about it. The next day he asked his relations and friends to give something for the man, which they did very willingly: and he soon collected more than enough to make up his loss. He asked leave to take the money himself, and when the poor man saw him, and heard of his great kindness, he was much surprised and very thankful, and he cried for joy. The prince too shed tears, and said, "I am very glad that I have been able to assist you in your distress."

The prince had long wished to have a little train of artillery. A very beautiful one was selected for him, which would cost several hundred dollars. The money was

ready, and the little prince was just going to possess what he wished, when he was told of a very worthy man, an officer, who was in great distress, having only straw to sleep upon, and no clothes left but those which he had on. "Well then," said the prince, "I will not have the train of artillery now," and he immediately sent the money to the poor distressed officer.

Whenever a secret was told to him, he kept it very faithfully ; nobody could tell either from his looks or his words, that he knew any thing about it.

A regular journal was kept of the prince's studies and behaviour, which was read to him at the end of every month. Whatever he had done whether good or bad, was written down, and all his faults were mentioned. His younger brother, who was afterwards king Louis 16th, used often to tease and vex and contradict him. The prince instead of complaining of his brother, said to him, "Brother, come and learn how I am cured of my faults ;" and he desired that the journal might be read to his brother. When the

person who read it, came to the part which spoke of the prince's faults, he read very low and then stopped. The prince blushed, but he said, "Go on, sir, read to the end: as for that fault, I think I am cured of it."

LOUIS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY,
CONCLUDED.

This good little prince had a long illness before he died. One day as he was going up stairs, he fell and hurt his knee. He suffered great pain, and at last the surgeon said that an operation must be performed. When the time they had fixed on was come, the governor of the prince went to him and told him as gently as he could, what was to be done, and said, "I hope you will be able to bear it well." The prince smiled and said, "My dear friend, what you have been telling me, I knew two months ago; I heard what the surgeon said, but I did not say any thing about it, for fear you might think I was frightened; I wish to have only a quarter of an hour to prepare myself. When the surgeons were ready, the prince

asked to look at the instruments, took them in his hands, and then said, "Come I can bear any thing, that I may get well and comfort mamma."

A deep cut was made in the prince's thigh. It was very painful, but he cried out only twice. When it was over, he raised himself up, and called for his father and mother. They ran to him, kissed him, held him in their arms and wept. The prince wept also, and said to his father, "Dear papa, if I cry, it is for joy."

He was much troubled during his sickness, that he could not have his books and go on with his studies, for the doctors said he must not do any thing, but be kept quite still. When the wound began to heal, he begged that his books might be brought to him, and he wrote the following little note to his father.

"Dear papa,

I begin to feel better. I have a favour to ask, which I think you love me too well to refuse. Give me leave to go on with my

studies. I am very much afraid of forgetting the little I do know, and there are many things that I wish to learn."

When he found that this could not be done, he said, "Well, then, let my masters come to me ; not that I may learn any lessons, but only that I may hear them talk on the different things they have taught me." This was granted for a while, but afterwards he grew too sick to bear it. "What grieves me the most," said he, "is, not that I suffer so much pain, but that I remain without reading, or hearing any body read ; without doing any thing."

The little prince suffered great pain in his knee and thigh ; but he was very patient, and seldom complained of the pain, except when it was very violent. He was very kind and thankful, to all the persons who waited on him in his long illness. "I suffer a great deal," he said to them, "but I am sure it is not your fault. Nobody could wait on me more kindly and attentively than you do."

The greater his own sufferings were, the more he thought of the health and comfort of other people. In the latter part of his sickness, he had scarcely any rest or ease, by day or night ; but at night, even when his pain was very great, he did not groan, nor cry out, for fear he should disturb the persons who slept near him ; and if he wanted any thing, he asked for it very softly. He would often say to his principal servant, " My dear Tourolle, you do too much for me, you will hurt yourself. Go and take the air, I will try to do without you for two or three hours." One of his servants who had a cold was ordered to sit up with him. The prince said to his governor, " Pray do not let him sit up ; he has so bad a cold ; and his cough will keep you and Tourolle from sleeping."

At length this dear child was told, that there was no hope of his ever being well again, and that he must prepare to die. He was not surprised nor grieved when he heard this : he said he had long known it, but that he had not spoken of it, for

fear of adding to his mother's trouble. He sent for his governor to take leave of him, and, after talking with him some time, he kissed him and said, " Farewell, my dear friend, farewell ! I thank you for all the care you have taken of me, and for your great kindness. As the last favour, I beg you will comfort my papa and my dear mamma."

A few minutes before the prince died, his mother having been removed from his bedside, he looked anxiously around for her, and cried out several times, " Mamma, dear mamma!" And these were the last words he spoke before he departed to his Heavenly Father, and to a throne and crown far more glorious, than those of the greatest princes in the world.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

A very little boy was playing one day near the hearth, when, his clothes took fire ; and, as he had on an apron which was tied close round his neck, his throat was dreadfully burned before the fire could be put out. After some time the wound healed, but it left his mouth and lower jaw drawn sideways, quite down towards his neck, so that he could scarcely shut his mouth, and it was quite impossible for him to raise his head. As he began to grow, it became very painful for him to hold his head always in this manner ; and he was often laughed at, and mocked by cruel and thoughtless children in the streets. This, however, he bore without complaining, and was always anxious to attend his *sunday school*, where he

was very attentive to all that was taught him

His parents finding that, as he grew older, his head and neck grew more and more painful, at last consented that the doctors should try, whether they could not cut off part of the flesh which held his jaw down to his neck, as it was thought nothing else would relieve him. The little boy was told of this, and though he knew it would give him a great deal of pain, and that the doctors thought it might possibly cause his death, he soon became willing to do as his parents wished. He told his mother, he thought he had given his heart to God, and now he did not much wish to live.

As soon as he was allowed to speak, after the operation was performed, he said, that when the doctor first began to cut him, he thought he could not bear it and live ; but that he prayed to God, that he would be pleased to help him to bear it, and, after that, he did not feel near so much pain.

His teacher had missed him from the

school for two Sundays, but, as he did not know what had been done, he thought the boy had stayed at home on account of the weather, which was then very cold. The next Sunday, a little girl came into the school room, and told the teacher that her brother was very ill ; that the doctors had cut a large swelling from his neck ; that he would like to see his teacher, and often wept when he spoke about it. The little girl added, "he says, too, he thinks he has got religion."

Accordingly, as soon as the school was over, the gentleman went to see him ; and, when he entered the room, he found the suffering boy lying on his little bed. His face was bound up, but all that could be seen of it was very pale. The colour came into his cheek, and his eye looked brighter, as he took the hand of his teacher. He said but little, for it was painful for him to speak, but what he did say was very pleasing.

By the great mercy of God, this poor little boy got quite well again, and was able to raise his head without any pain. He

was then about nine years old ; and at the time this account was written, he was still alive, and his happy face might be seen every Sunday at the school, while his heart was filled with thankfulness to God, for this goodness towards him.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE BOY WHO HAD NO PENNY TO GIVE.

A LITTLE boy, whose parents were very poor, went to a sunday school where a missionary box was kept, which was handed round every Sunday for the children to put in their pennies. This boy's teacher often talked to him about the poor heathen children, who had no bibles, or churches, or sunday schools ; but though he seemed to pity them very much, he never put a penny into the box. His teacher one day asked him the reason of this ; he said, his father never gave him a penny. His teacher then told him, if he ever got a penny he must not forget to put it in the box.

The next Sunday, the little boy watched the box as it was handed to the different

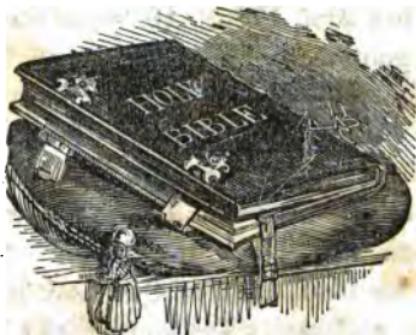
classes, and when it came to him, he dropped a penny into it, and looked very bright and happy as he did so. After school the teacher called him up, and asked him whether his father had given the penny. He said, no. Then, if his mother gave it to him. He still answered no, and seemed very unwilling to tell how he got it. At last, he said that one of his little friends, whose father had a peach orchard, gave him a fine peach : he thought it looked very good, but he remembered the poor heathen children, and he sold the peach for a penny.

I dare say, when he put the penny into the box, and thought it might help to buy a bible for some child who had never read about Jesus Christ, he felt a great deal happier than he would have been, if he had eaten the peach.

But if he thought to himself, what a good boy he was, and had been proud of selling the peach instead of eating it, God would not have been pleased with him. But he

THE BOY WHO HAD NO PENNY TO GIVE 26
did not say a word about it to the teacher,
until he had been asked several times.

Never be anxious to tell when you have
done any thing right; God knows it, and
that is quite enough.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

REGINALD HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER, who was afterwards bishop of Calcutta, in the East Indies, was born April 21st, 1783. He was remarkable for gentleness, for obedience to his parents, for the care he took never to give pain or trouble to any one, and for his trust in God. When rather more than two years old, he was very ill with the whooping-cough, for which the doctor ordered him to be bled. His mother took him on her lap, and said, "Dr. Currie wishes you to lose a little blood; I hope you will not object." His answer was, "I will do whatever you please, mamma." On the nurse screaming out, that they were going to murder her child, Reginald said, "Poor nurse, let her go down stairs." When the

person who was to bleed him took hold of his arm, he said, "Do not hold me." He was told that if he moved, he would be much hurt, but he replied, "I will not stir;" and steadily held out his arm, looking all the while at what was going on.

The next year, he was travelling with his parents, on a very stormy day, across a mountain, when his mother became so much frightened, that she wished to get out of the carriage and walk. Reginald, who was sitting on her knee, said, "Do not be afraid, mamma ; God will take care of us."

When he was four years old he had a dangerous illness, which he bore so patiently, that when his father asked the physician whether there was any hope of saving his life, Dr. Currie answered, "If he were not the best child I ever saw, there would be none ; but I think he will recover."

He suffered much from sickness, but when he was well, he was always busy in learning something ; and, at six years old, after an attack of typhus fever, the first thing he begged for was, to be allowed to

learn the Latin grammar, that he might have something to do while lying in bed. He could read the Bible with ease at five years old, and was very well acquainted with the stories in it; for it was his father's wish that he should read these stories as they are told in the Bible itself. One day he was reading in the room where several of his young friends were amusing themselves with riddles and cross-questions, and one of them asked, "where was Moses when his candle went out?" Reginald immediately answered, "On Mount Nebo, for there he died; and it may well be said that his lamp of life went out."

His father was conversing with some friends, one day, about a passage in the Bible, and they differed as to which part it was to be found in. When Reginald entered the room, his father asked him, and he at once named both the book and the chapter.

He was frequently overheard praying aloud in his own room, when he little thought any one was near him. When he

was happy, he loved to go on his knees to thank God for his many mercies ; and when any thing happened, to distress him or any one he loved, he would directly retire to pray, without waiting for the time to come at which he usually said his prayers.

REGINALD HEBER.

CONCLUDED.

It was a common saying among the servants of the family, that Master Reginald never was in a passion. I dare say he sometimes felt inclined to get angry, as other children do, but he prayed so earnestly to God, and strove so hard against his evil temper, that he was scarcely ever heard to speak a cross word. How much happier all children would be, if they would try to be like Reginald Heber : and remember, God is quite as willing to help you, as he was to help him.

He endeavoured to learn something from every one he was with, and when he asked a question, it was in so pleasing a way that people liked to answer him. He was also

very fond of reading, and remembered very well every thing he read.

He was very fond of watching insects, and animals, and birds, to learn their histories ; but he never could bear to keep any creatures in confinement, or to do any thing which would give them pain. When his little sister had a squirrel given her, he persuaded her to set it at liberty, and took her to a tree that she might see the animal's joy, when it found itself free again.

He was so fond of giving away his money to poor people, that once, as he was on his way to school, he gave away all the money which was to last him for the next six months, to a poor man, who told him that he was nearly blind and unable to earn his living. After this, when he went back to school after the holidays, his parents had to sew his money fast in the linings of his pockets, that he might not give it away on the road.

When he was about thirteen years old, he had been reading an account of the manner in which one of the travellers in

Africa had driven away a wild bull, which was going to attack him. In a field, which adjoined his schoolmaster's garden, there happened to be a bull grazing, and Reginald went towards it, holding his hat before his face and endeavouring to do exactly as the traveller, of whom he had been reading, had done. But the bull, instead of running away, came furiously at him, and he would probably have been killed, if he had not jumped over the fence into the garden. In this garden was a pond of water, which was divided from the fence only by a narrow gravel walk; into this pond the bull plunged, and after floundering about for some time, remained sticking fast in the mud.

Reginald Heber afterwards became a very great and good man. Many years after these little things happened, of which you have been reading an account, he was made Bishop of Calcutta; he left his home and friends and country, and went to India, where he spent the rest of his life, chiefly among the poor heathens, preaching to

them, and trying in every way to do them good. He died at last very suddenly, away from his wife and children. He had been at church, and when he returned home, very warm and tired, he went to bathe. His servant thinking he stayed in the bath longer than usual, opened the door and found him lying dead at the bottom of the water. Every thing that could be done was tried, but his spirit had returned to God who gave it.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE BOX OF BEADS.

A very little girl, the daughter of Mr. Cecil, was one day playing with a few beads, which seemed to delight her very much. Her father said to her, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there; and you seem vastly pleased with them." "Yes, papa" said she. "Well now," said her father, "throw them behind the fire." The little girl looked at him, as if she wanted to know *why* she must throw away what gave her so much pleasure, and the tears came into her eyes. Her father said, "well, my dear, do as you please; but you know, I never told you to do any thing, which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at him a few moments longer, and then, trying all she could to keep from crying,

dashed the beads into the fire. Her father told her not to speak of them then, but that, at another time, she should hear more about them. A few days after, he bought her a box full of larger beads and toys, and when he opened it and set it before her, she cried for joy. "My child," said her father, "those are yours, because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three beads into the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember as long as you live what Faith is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of Faith. You threw away your beads when I bade you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same trust in God. Believe every thing he says in his word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means it for your good.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS AND HER SCHOLAR.

A LOVELY princess, who lived in France, the daughter of the duke of Orleans, when she was about six and ahalf years old, was one day, walking in a wood near her father's house. A poor woman, holding a little girl by the hand, came up to the princess, and gave her some strawberries which she had just picked. The princess was very much surprised to find that the little girl was blind, for her eyes were open and they looked bright. The woman said, her daughter Nancy was not born blind ; and she was told that the surgeons at Paris could cure her, but she was not able to take or send her there. "Then," said the princess, "I will take her with me, when I

return to Paris ; I will make a little place for her by me, in the carriage."

The persons who were walking with the princess, told the woman to bring her daughter to the duke's house the next day. Nancy was sent to Paris, where she remained several months, and came home quite cured. She went to see the princess, and to thank her. The princess was much pleased to find that she had recovered her sight, and asked her if she was not very glad. "Yes, indeed, I am," said the little girl, "I shall be able to work, now." "And read too," said the princess. "I cannot read." "But you are bigger than I am, and I can read." "I have been blind two years." "Very true ; but now that you can see, you will learn." "My mother cannot afford to send me to school," said Nancy. "Poor little thing," replied the princess, "shall I teach you to read ? If you like, I will give you a lesson every day." A lady, who was with the princess, told her, that perhaps it would be very tedious to teach the little girl to read. "Shall we stay here

three months longer?" said the princess.
"Yes." "Then, I think Nancy will have time enough to learn. I will give her the first lesson now." The princess went to fetch a book, and in a very sensible and pretty manner, began to teach the little girl. When the lesson was over she sent her home, and told her to come again every day at the same hour.

Nancy was not very quick in learning, and she did not always pay proper attention; but her little mistress did not scold her, nor call her names, nor strike her, but reproved her very gently and wisely. She took great pains with her; sweetly encouraged her to do her best; praised her when she did well, and promised her many little rewards. Before the princess returned to Paris, Nancy could read very well. The princess gave her some books, and a frock, and said, when she took leave of her, "Good bye, Nancy; next summer I will teach you something more."

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

GREGORY TOWNSEND BEDELL

GREGORY T. BEDELL was the only son of his parents, and was born on Staten Island, on the 28th of October, 1793. He was so gentle and amiable, that he was scarcely ever seen in a passion, from the time he was an infant. His voice was remarkably sweet, and when he was only two years old, he could sing several tunes ; and being taken one day, about this time, to see a parade of soldiers, he kept time so well to the music, with a little drum which was slung round his neck, that it surprised the people who stood near.

Before he could speak plain, when any poor persons came to the door of his father's house to beg, he would run to them, with his little hands filled with something for them to eat, and press them to take it.

He was unwilling to repeat any thing bad that he knew, or had heard of others ; and was always ready to forgive those who hurt, or vexed him. One day, while he was at play, one of his companions got angry with him, and running into a blacksmith's shop, seized a shovel of hot coals, which he threw on this sweet child's back. As his dress was low in the neck, some of the fire fell beneath it upon his flesh, and before he could get home, his back was exceedingly burned. Many months passed before it was quite healed ; yet when his father wished to punish the boy, who had been so cruel to him, he begged that he might be forgiven, and would not be satisfied until his friends consented.

This good and kind-hearted boy afterwards became a most excellent useful man. During the latter part of his life he was often sick, and suffered much from pain and weakness ; but he was the means of doing a great deal of good, and continued to preach until a few weeks before his death. He died on the 30th of August, 1834.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LITTLE SOPHY

LITTLE Sophy was the daughter of a clergyman. She had one brother and two sisters. She loved her sister Jane, who was several years older than herself, better than she did any one else. She would sometimes keep an apple, or the first ripe plum, or strawberry, for hours, while she dressed her doll, or played with her kitten, till Jane came home, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her eat it. When she was asked out to see her little friends, she would sometimes save all her cake for her sister, because it gave her more pleasure to do so, than to eat it herself.

From the time she was very little, she liked to get up early and be dressed, that she might be ready to help her sisters.

She was very lively, and full of fun ; but her little books, her work, and her play-things, were always put by in their proper places.

At one time, she and her sister had each a shirt to make, but the schoolmistress found that Sophy's work was done much faster and more neatly than Jane's ; she gave them each a sleeve to make, and told Jane, that if her's was not finished as soon as her little sister's, she must be punished. However, Jane neglected her work, until Sophy's was quite done, and then, thinking it was too late for her to be able to finish it, she went to play in the garden, with the rest of her schoolfellows. Little Sophy could not be found any where, though they looked into every room of the house for her. At last one of the girls told Jane that she could show her where her little sister was. She took her to a small dark house, outside of the garden, where the spades, and rakes, and watering-pots were kept. The door was fastened on the inside, but when Jane climbed up to the win-

dow, she saw Sophy sitting on a log of wood, sewing at *her* sleeve, as fast as her little fingers could move. She could give up her own pleasure, and leave the play which she enjoyed as much as any one, to keep her sister from being punished.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE TWO LITTLE BROTHERS.

A poor woman who had lost her husband, lived in a little cottage on a steep hill in England. She had two young children to provide for, and she was obliged to leave them, while she went to her work. She generally went at five o'clock in the morning, and did not come back till night. She taught the elder boy, as well as she could, how to manage while she was absent. He was near five years of age, and had the whole care of his little brother who was about two. They were both very stout and healthy, and were almost all day in the open air. At meal time, the elder boy, who never forsook or neglected his little brother, took him into the cottage, and seating him in a corner, made a fire of sticks very

carefully ; he then crumbled some brown bread, which his mother had left with him, boiled it with water, and sweetened it with a little warm sugar : then sitting down on the floor by his brother, he fed him, always taking one spoonful for himself, and giving one to his brother, till the whole was finished. Somebody coming into the cottage one day, when he was just beginning to feed his brother, said, "Take care Dan, that you do not scald your brother's mouth." "No fear of that ;" said he, "I always take one spoonful first myself."



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LITTLE GARDENER'S GIFT.

A LITTLE boy, who had a garden, and a spade, and a rake, and a hoe, was very fond of working in his garden ; and he took great pleasure in keeping it in nice order, and free from weeds. He had a lilach tree in his little garden, and a gooseberry bush. And one summer he had in it a great many pretty flowers, and some peas.

When his peas were large enough to be picked, and his gooseberries were quite ripe, he said to his sister, " I will fetch a basket, and pick all my peas and all my gooseberries, and carry them to the poor lame man on the common ; he is so ill now, that he cannot ride on his ass, as he used to do, and go to work.—So the little boy brought a basket, and was very busy picking his

peas and his gooseberries ; and when he had picked them he carried them to the poor old man, and put them on the table, and laid some money on the table, all the money he had.

The poor old man was sitting by the fire side quite alone ; for his wife was gone out to work in the fields, and his children lived a great way off. When he saw the little boy come in, and saw him put the peas and gooseberries, and money on the table, he smiled, and looked glad, and thanked him very kindly.

The little boy seemed very happy that he could do any thing for the poor sick man. His sister was much pleased to see him so kind and attentive to the old man, and so thoughtful about him. She said, "what a pleasure it is to do good and to assist people who are in distress." I dare say, when the old man ate the peas and the gooseberries, and looked at the money, he said, as he often used to say, "God bless that young gentleman, who is so very good to me."

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

JOSEPH AND ISAAC MILNER.

JOSEPH and Isaac Milner were born near Leeds in England, and were the sons of a weaver. Their father was very desirous of giving them a good education, and sent them to school, though at that time he was so poor, that once when Joseph needed a new Greek book, to enable him to pass into a higher class, his father brought it home on Saturday night, instead of a joint of meat for their Sunday's dinner, as he had not money enough to buy both. At that time his sons got up early, and sat up late spinning, in order to assist their father as much as possible; and when he died, and left their mother in bad health, obliged to earn their own living, they would get up in winter many hours before daybreak, and work

by candle light, that they might help to support her.

Joseph's health was very delicate, from the time he was three years old. When he was at school, he was not strong enough to play with the other boys, but he used to remain in the house, and amuse himself with his books, in reading and studying his lessons. He improved so fast, that when his father died, some of his friends, thinking he was a remarkably fine boy, sent him to the University of Cambridge.

After he left the University, he was chosen master of a school, and he soon obtained a great many scholars. But he was not satisfied with being comfortable himself; his mother was growing old, and had had a great many hardships to bear; he sent for her to live with him and take care of his house, which she did for more than twenty years. He also took charge of two orphans, the children of his eldest brother who was dead.

At the time of his father's death, Isaac was only ten years old. His mother was

JOSEPH AND ISAAC MILNER.

obliged to take him from school and place him in a woolen manufactory, that he might learn the business. As soon as Joseph could afford it, he took his brother away from the manufactory, and brought him to his own school, where he could go on with his studies. Though Isaac was then only a boy, and had been away from school for several years, he had not forgotten his Greek and Latin ; so that he was able at once to assist his brother in teaching the lower classes. He studied very hard to make up for the time he had lost, and by his brother's kindness he too was sent to the University ; and he afterwards became a great and good man ; but he always said, that he owed all he had to his brother.

Perhaps no two brothers ever loved one another more. After Joseph's death, Isaac said, he could remember no earthly thing without being able to connect it in some way tenderly with his brother ; and no separation was ever more afflicting.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

SIR WILLIAM JONES

SIR William Jones was born in London, in the year 1746. His father died when he was only three years old, and left him entirely to the care of his mother. William had a good many questions to ask about the different things he saw, or heard spoken of, but his mother generally replied, "Read, and you will know." By this means, his desire to learn became as great as her wish to teach; and before he was four years old, he was able to read distinctly any English book.

In this year of his life, William was preserved by the care of God from two accidents, one of which had nearly destroyed his eye, and the other his life. Being left alone in a room, in trying to scrape some

soot from the chimney, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were instantly in flames ; his cries brought the servants, but before they could get him out, his face, neck and arms were much burnt. A short time afterwards, while the servant was putting on his clothes, which were fastened with hooks, he struggled, perhaps in play, and got a hook fast in his right eye. By great care the wound was healed ; but his eye was so much weakened, that he could never afterwards see as well with that, as with the other.

He was very fond of his little garden, and spent a great part of his time, when he was not at school, in working in it. In his ninth year, he had the misfortune to break his thigh bone, in a scramble with his schoolfellow ; and this accident kept him from school for a whole year. After he was relieved from pain, however, he did not spend his time in idleness. His mother was constantly with him, and amused him by reading to him.

On his return to school, he was placed in

the same class in which he would have been had he not been detained at home. Of course he was far behind the rest of the boys, who had been able to go on regularly with their studies. They thought him lazy and dull, and he was often punished, because he did not know what he had never been taught. He was really far more quick and diligent in learning, than the rest of his schoolfellows, so that in a few months he was at the head of his class; and in after years became distinguished for his great learning.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FLOWERS.

A LITTLE girl was passing by a garden in which she saw some very pretty flowers. She wished exceedingly to have some of them ; she could easily have put her hands between the rails and have taken them, and perhaps nobody would have seen her. But she knew she must never take other people's things without their leave ; for that would be very wicked ; it would be stealing. So, after thinking a little while, she resolved what to do. She went up to the door of the house and knocked ; when the mistress of the house came to the door, she asked her very prettily, to give her some of the nice flowers that grew in her garden. The mistress was glad she had not taken any of the flowers without

leave ; and gave her some of those which she asked for. She then took the little girl into another garden, that was larger and prettier than the one she had seen at first, and showed her the flowers that grew in it, and gathered a fine large nose-gay for her, made up of a great many kinds of pretty flowers.

If the little girl had taken the flowers she first saw, she would have been frightened while she was getting them ; when she had got them, she would have been afraid lest any body should see her with them ; and if she had been asked where, or how, she had got them, she would most likely have told a lie to hide her first fault. And how uncomfortable she would have felt at night, when she lay down and thought on what she had been doing in the daytime ; and how afraid she would have been to pray to the great God who has said, "Thou shalt not steal," and has said too, "Thieves shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in Hertfordshire, England, November 15th, 1731. When he was only six years old, he had the misfortune to lose his kind and excellent mother. Though he was so young at the time of her death, he never forgot her, but more than fifty years afterwards, when he received a present of her picture, the sight of it brought fresh to his mind all the love and tenderness she had shown to him. He was then nearly sixty years old, but he could remember well the time when he used to sit by his mother and play with the flowers on her dress, and prick them into paper with a pin; while she talked kindly to him, and stroked his head and smiled. He remembered also the grief

he felt at her death, and the many tears he shed when he heard the bell tolling for her funeral ; and from his nursery window, saw the hearse that bore her body away to the grave. His sorrow was so great, that the servants in order to comfort him, said that she would soon come back again. He believed them for a while, but finding that day after day passed without her return, he at last gave up the hope of it.

After the death of his mother he was sent to school, where he had a great many hardships to bear. His chief sorrow arose from the cruel treatment he met with from a boy in the same school, about fifteen years of age, who never seemed more pleased than when he was tormenting him. This barbarity gave Cowper such a dread of him, that he was afraid to lift up his eyes upon him higher than his knees ; and he knew him better by his shoe-buckles, than by any other part of his dress.

One day, as he was sitting alone on a bench in the school room, almost ready to weep at the thought of what he had already suffered.

and expecting every moment that the cruel boy would come again to torment him, this text from the Bible came into his mind, "I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me." He applied this to himself, with a great degree of trust in God; and directly felt more cheerful and happy than he had been for a long time before.

What a mercy it would have been for this little boy, if he had had any kind friend to talk to him about God, and teach him in all his troubles and sorrows to go to him for comfort. But he had no such friend at school. Soon after this, his father became alarmed at finding that he had specks growing on both his eyes, and sent him to London, where he was placed under the care of a celebrated oculist. An oculist is one who studies the diseases of the eyes, in order to be able to cure them, as a physician does those of the other parts of the body.

The person under whose charge Cowper was placed was a lady, and in her house he remained nearly two years. In this family, he neither saw nor heard any thing

about religion : he was not even taught to pray, or read the Bible, or go to church, and before he left the house, he seemed to have forgotten all he ever knew about God and holy things.

WILLIAM COWPER,
CONCLUDED.

After leaving London, Cowper was placed at another school, under a teacher who took much more pains with him. He was so much affected by what he now heard, that he began to feel himself a sinner, and to pray to God in secret. But he did not long continue this good practice ; and after he left it off his heart seemed to grow harder than ever. About this time he was seized with the smallpox, but though he was so ill that his friends scarcely expected him to live, he did not feel any sorrow for his sins, nor did he appear to think about death or eternity. He had grieved the Holy Spirit, so that for a while he was left to himself ; and if he had died in that state, his soul must have gone to everlasting punishment.

For several years he continued very careless about religion ; but though he had thus forgotten God, God did not forget him. He began to suffer very much from distress of mind, and after trying in every way to get rid of what made him so unhappy, he at last went to God in prayer. What a sad thing it is, that when people are in trouble, they do not at once go to God for comfort. Other things may make us forget our troubles for a while, but God is the only being who can really cure them, and enable us to derive good from them. Other friends may refuse to help us, if we will not go to them till we have tried every thing else, but God is wonderful in mercy and patience. He heard Cowper when he prayed, took away his unhappiness, and made his heart light and joyful.

Throughout the rest of his life he was subject to these seasons of distress, which sometimes lasted for a long while together. At such times he was often unable to find any pleasure in reading, or in the society of his friends, and was glad of any thing

which could amuse him. The children of one of his neighbours had a leveret given them for a plaything ; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of it, they consented that their father should offer it to Mr. Cowper. He was very willing to undertake the charge of the poor little creature ; and when the neighbours found that he was pleased with the present, they offered him a great many more. He undertook the care of three, which he named Puss, Tiney, and Bess. He built them houses to sleep in : in the daytime they were allowed to run about the hall, and at night, each retired to his own bed, without ever attempting to go into that of another.

Puss soon grew tame, and would leap into Mr. Cowper's lap, then raise himself upon his hindfeet, and bite the hair from off his temples. He would allow himself to be taken up, and carried about, and sometimes would even fall asleep on his master's knee. He was ill for three days, during

WILLIAM COWPER.

which time he was nursed with great care, and when he recovered, showed his thankfulness, by licking Mr. Cowper's hand, first the back, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it untouched. Every morning, after breakfast, he was carried into the garden, where he hid himself, generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, and remained there sleeping or chewing the cud until the evening. He would invite his master to take him to the garden, by drumming upon his knee, and looking up in his face ; and if this did not succeed, he would take the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force.

Tiney was very different : he too was sick, and was nursed with equal care ; but if his master took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining ; even his surliness, and the grave air with which he played, was matter of mirth.

Bess, who died soon after he was full

grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box while it was damp, after being washed, was full of fun and drollery ; he was tame from the beginning. After supper, they were always brought into the parlour, where they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols on the carpet, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardness to pat Bess on the cheek, which he resented by drumming on her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

These little creatures could discover the smallest change that was made in the place to which they were accustomed. Even a small hole that was burnt in the carpet and mended with a patch they found out directly. Some persons whom they saw every day, they never could learn to like ; but when a miller came into the room, they

went to him at once ; probably from smelling the flour on his coat.

They were particularly fond of dandelions and lettuce, and of the stalk of green corn, but the ear they seldom would eat. They were also fond of fine white sand and of wheat straw ; but they lived chiefly on bread cut into small pieces ; and in the winter, when green vegetables could not be got, they would eat the rind of apples cut very thin, but the apple itself disgusted them.

Bess, as we have said, died young, Tiney lived to be nine years old, and Puss to be nearly twelve. He died of old age, and did not appear to suffer any pain. This little history of the hares, has been taken from an account written by Mr. Cowper himself.

For more than thirty years he lived with a lady by the name of Unwin, to whom he was much attached, and whose son had been one of his early friends. She watched over him with the greatest care during her life, and did more perhaps to make him happy, than any other of his friends. She

died at the age of of seventy-two, and he only lived about three years after. His death took place on the 25th of April 1800, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

SOPHIA.

In September, 1785, Sophia S . . . , a little girl, not four years old, went to pay a visit to her grandmamma Mrs. Neale, and her aunt Miss Harriet Neale.

Sophia was a fine child, but she had not been well taught at home. When her aunt began to talk to her about God, and asked her if she loved him, she answered, "No ; for he is not good." "Who told you so ?" said her aunt. "Papa's man." "It is very wicked to say that God is not good ; he is very good, and he is always doing you good. He keeps your papa and mamma alive." Then her aunt endeavoured to explain to her how good the Lord is ; and the great things he had done for her.

At another time her aunt asked her, if

she would pray to the good God. She replied "No ; I will not love God, and he shall not love me." Her aunt was astonished and grieved to hear these dreadful words. She said, "Then you are a miserable child. No persons are happy but those whom God loves."

The next evening her aunt talked to her again about the great and good God ; and said to her, "What a miserable child you are ; you never will be happy, you cannot be happy without God." At length the child burst into tears, and cried out, "I will love God ; I will love God." "But," said her aunt, "how can you love him, if you will not pray to him ?" Sophia with tears in her eyes, said, "You must pray for me." She clung round her aunt, and would not let her go. "You must pray for me," said she again, "God shall love me." At last, her aunt knelt down and prayed for her. Often, very often, both before this time and after, her aunt earnestly prayed to the Lord, to bless this little child whom

she dearly loved, and to bless all the instructions which she might give her.

The next night her aunt did not say ahy thing to her about praying. But when she went to undress her and put her to bed, Sophia said, "Aunt Harriet, you must pray to God to bless me." Her aunt then taught her a short prayer ; and explained to her, that it was her duty to pray for herself and for her friends.

From that time Sophia took great delight in talking about God ; and what she should do to serve and please him. She loved to go with her aunt to the house of God ; and if she was asked what she went for, she would reply, "To worship God, and to learn his will."

One day, seeing the Bible, she asked what book it was. Her aunt told her it was God's word ; the book which teaches us to love God ; and that God has promised to love those who love him. From that time, she never would go to bed without looking at it, though she could not read.

Her aunt used frequently to read parts of it to her.

She was once walking with her aunt, when it began to snow. "I do not like this naughty snow," said Sophia. "My dear," said her aunt, "that is because you do not know its use. God is very good in sending this snow. You know your papa is a farmer ; he would be very sorry if there were no snow. The sharp cold frosts, would kill the seed, which is put into the ground, if God did not send the snow to keep it warm." Her aunt then talked to her about the corn, and explained to her how it is made into bread. Some weeks after this, when Sophia and her aunt were walking, it began to snow again. Sophia said, "Aunt Harriet, it is very cold, but I do not mind the cold ; God is very good in sending the snow to keep the corn warm."

SOPHIA,
CONCLUDED.

In January, 1786, little Sophia began to be very ill. She had a violent cough, and

a fever, and a pain in her side ; and before she had recovered from these complaints she had the measles. During the last three weeks of her life, her sufferings were very great, but the good and merciful Lord who sent this sickness, gave her patience to bear it. One Sunday, soon after she was first taken ill, she was sitting in her aunt's lap ; she looked very earnestly at her and said, "I will die, and go to heaven." Her aunt made no answer, and she said again, "I will die. Tell my mamma not to cry."

She had very restless nights, but she disturbed her aunt as little as possible. In the morning she often clung round her, and said, "Oh, aunt Harriet, I love God and you, so much that I know not what to do ; —I know not what to do." And she seemed exceedingly distressed that she could not tell her aunt, or make her fully understand, how much she loved her, who had been so kind to her, and the great and good God.

She often said, "I will die ; I will die once, to live forever." One day, when she

lay on a bed in the parlour, a lady said to her, "Can you leave all these pretty things to go to Heaven?" "Yes," said Sophia. "And your aunt Harriet?" "Yes." "What do you want to go to Heaven for?" "That I may love God better."

Her grandmother and her aunt had family prayers in her room, every night but one; then she was so ill, that they thought it would fatigue her too much. The next morning, she seemed troubled that her grandmamma had not prayed to God the night before. Her aunt said, "Your grandmamma prayed in another room, because you were so ill. Do you wish family prayer to be always in your room?" She replied, "Yes."

A day or two before she died, being asked, when she was in great pain, if she would go to heaven, she answered, with some impatience, "Yes, now, now." Her aunt told her she must be willing to wait God's time; for he could give her ease, or patience to bear her pain. Her aunt then prayed for her; which seemed to compose her mind;

and soon after she fell into a sweet sleep ; for she had had but little sleep for a fortnight before, except when she had taken opiates.

On Sunday, March 12th, as she lay dying, she put her hand on her breast, and said, " Oh, I have such a pain here." " My dear," said her aunt, " will you go to heaven ? " " Yes," said Sophia, " by and by :— one more pain ! " Soon after she fell asleep, and awoke no more in this world.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LITTLE ORPHANS.

Two little brothers, who had lost their father and mother, lived with a nurse in a cottage. One day, when they were roving about, one of them found an apple, but he refused to give any part of it to his brother. The child looked sorrowfully at him, and asked him if he did not remember, that their dear parents, who were gone, told them always to live in love, and to share with one another every thing they could. Then the little boy was sorry for what he had done; and he not only divided the apple with his brother, but kissed him, and spoke kindly to him.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LITTLE CHARLES.

CHARLES C..., was born in the month of April, 1826. His parents were in the habit of talking often to their children on religious subjects, in a way which made them love to hear about such things, and their chief desire was to bring up these children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Charles was from his birth a very delicate child, and remarkable for the great sweetness and gentleness of his disposition ; but as he grew older, he began to show many of those wicked tempers which are natural to every person, whose heart has not been made new by the Holy Ghost.

As soon as he could speak plainly he was taught to pray, and to pronounce with reverence the name of God. When he was

about two years old, he was afflicted with the hooping cough, which left him so weak, that his friends entertained but little hope of his recovery. A sea voyage however, and change of air, together with the care of a skilful physician, under the blessing of God, restored him to health. He continued very well for about a year and a half, but at the end of that time he began again to droop. A lady who had lived in the family, and to whom Charles was very much attached, was absent a year, and when she returned, she was struck with the paleness of her little favourite, and felt sure he could not live long.

A sea voyage and change of air were once more tried, but after an absence of three months, he was brought back to his home, no better than when he left it. His parents and friends, feeling now convinced that it was the will of his Heavenly Father to take this sweet child to himself, endeavoured to resign their darling into His hands. He now began to take a very deep interest in the religious instructions which were given him,

and though only four years old, gave many proofs that his heart was indeed changed by the grace of God. He knew and felt that he was a sinful child, and that the Lord Jesus Christ had died to save him. He loved that blessed Saviour most fervently, and longed to die, that he might go and be with him.

Children are often very much afraid of death, but this was not the case with little Charles. As he was passing one day with his mother through a grave yard, he observed the sexton digging a grave, and asked what it was for. On being told, he said with great earnestness, "Pray mamma, do ask the man to dig a grave for me also ; for my God will soon call me to live with him, and I wish very much to go." But my dear, said his mother, "your papa and I would wish to have you a little longer with us, and we shall be very sorry when you are taken away." The child raised his finger with an expression of great meaning, and looking earnestly in her face, replied, "O, mamma ! it is naughty to wish for that ; God wishes

me to go, and I shall be much better with him. Now mamma, mind, you must not cry when I go away."

One day when he had been saying something about dying, the lady who has been spoken of before, and to whom he was so much attached, said, "But my love, are you not afraid to go down into the ground ? The grave is very dark and cold, is it not ?" Charles was then lying in her lap, and looking up in her face he said, "But you know Miss M...., that I shall not be there long ; my Saviour has died for me, that I might not go to hell, and he will soon take me up out of the pit-hole." Sweet child, well might we say, "O Death! where is thy sting ? O Grave ! where is thy victory ?"

Sometimes the dear child felt himself growing so very weak, that he fully expected, according to his own language, "that his God was going to send for him ;" and then he would call his friends around him, and desire them to sing hymns while he was dying. After they had done so for some time, he would entreat them to con-

tinue, in the hope that the singing would hasten his death, and when he revived, he always seemed much disappointed at the delay.

LITTLE CHARLES,
CONCLUDED.

He seldom spoke of his brother without calling him "my Edward," and in the same way he used to speak of all those whom he loved: as "my God," and "my Saviour."

Jesus Christ has said, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." This dear child was always the one to plead for the forgiveness of those who had offended, and to make up all differences. A favourite servant, who had taken care of him from the time he was a baby, and whom he loved very tenderly, having once displeased her mistress, was on the point of being sent away. Charles reasoned with her on her obstinate conduct, and entreated her to own her fault and ask forgiveness; and then pleaded her cause with his mother, and begged with tears that

she might be forgiven. He said to his nurse, "Susan, it was your naughty heart that told you to be wicked. Oh! do, pray, beg mamma's pardon and say so." Then clinging to his mother's knees he continued, "Oh mamma! do forgive my poor Susan. It was her naughty heart that made her behave ill, but she will not do so any more. Oh Susan! my dear Susan, tell mamma you will not." Then turning to his friend he exclaimed, "Oh Miss M....! won't you speak for my poor, poor Susan? Do pray tell mamma that she is sorry for having been naughty, though her wicked heart will not let her say so." His endeavours were not in vain, for his tears induced Susan to acknowledge her fault, and his mother to forgive her, and when peace was again restored, his little countenance looked full of happiness.

When he spoke to Miss M.... of leaving her, he always added, that they should soon meet again, and he promised to watch at the gate of heaven to meet and welcome her, and then to take her hand and lead her to the Saviour.

Towards the end of October he became much worse, and could not sit up without support. His sufferings were now much more severe, and often caused him to be peevish and fretful; for though we have every reason to believe, that little Charles was a child of God, yet he was tempted to sin as other people are. A christian is not one who never does wrong, but one who does not live in the practice of sin, who mourns over it, and strives and prays against it. This was the case with little Charles: he never gave way to ill humour, without being very unhappy afterwards, even when he was not told of his fault, he could not sleep till he had confessed it, and prayed for forgiveness.

On one occasion, when he had shewn much fretfulness on account of something which it was necessary to refuse him, his distress was very great, and he prayed most earnestly, that God would "forgive him, a poor sinful child, and take away his wicked heart and give him a new one, that he might no longer be cross and fretful, but love God

and be always good ;" and then he asked God to bless all his friends, and take him soon to live with him for ever.

A short time before his death, he told his parents " that God was his Father and their Father, and that he would soon send for him," adding as usual, that they must not weep for him when he was gone. His desire to die was so great, that it sometimes made him impatient. Two or three evenings before his death, he suddenly burst into a flood of tears, and on being asked the reason of his distress, he exclaimed, " Oh! my God is so long, so very long, before he sends to fetch me. I want to go to him. O mamma! do pray, kneel down and ask him to make haste." His mother enquired why he wished so much to go; upon which he replied, " I love my Saviour, because he loves me and died for me." An elderly person who was in the room, could not keep from tears as she observed, " dear child, what a lesson do you teach me in my old age." When Charles was told that God would call him in his own time, and that it

was wrong to be impatient, he tried to be willing to wait.

A short time before his death, he turned his meek eyes on his father who said, "Be not afraid my love, no one shall hurt you; you are going to your God and Saviour; are you not glad to go?" "Yes, papa," said the little sufferer with great difficulty, and then all was sweet again, until the little spirit was set free from the body, and borne by angels into the presence of that Saviour it had so long desired to see.

Thus died little Charles at the age of four years and a half. His grave has been adorned by his friends with roses, violets, and mignonette, and at its head stands a plain white stone.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LAURA

LAURA, a little girl of nine years old, had been confined to the house for some time, with a white swelling on her knee, when at length the physician who attended her, said it was necessary to amputate, or cut off her limb, and if this was not done, she must lose her life.

Her mother could not bear the thought of her child suffering so much, and indeed preferred losing her; however, after some time she made up her mind to consent, and two more surgeons were sent for from London.

The day before they were to arrive, Laura was to be informed of it. Her mother undertook to tell her what was to be done, and after speaking most affectionately

to her for a little while, told her what was intended. The child showed no alarm, and when her mother said, "My love, do you think me very cruel, to take this resolution?" she replied, "No, dear mamma, you could not help it." "Would you prefer dying, my love?" "Yes, mamma, for then I should be happy;" but presently she added, "but that would be taking my fate into my own hands; and I could not expect then, that God would support me in dying; God demands my limb, but not my life."

She said to her mother, "Mamma, do you remember that Sunday when you staid from church, and talked so much to me about Him that loved me? It is He that now supports me, and will support me under the operation. Pray for me. I will not ask you to be present, it would not be good for you; but perhaps the housekeeper will be so kind as to stay in the room with me."

The next Thursday, being the day before Good Friday, the four surgeons arrived. Laura's mother went into her room to in-

form her of their arrival: the dear child shed some tears on hearing that her trial was so near, but she soon composed herself. "Pray for me," said she, "that I may glorify God by my patience."

Laura was taken from her bed and placed on a table. When they were about to cover her eyes she said, "You need not do that, but if you like, do it." They bound her eyes with a handkerchief, to prevent her seeing the instruments, and began the operation, which she bore without one word, till near the end, when the great artery was taken up, and then she gave one cry of "Oh!" Even a few flowers which she held in her hand, remained unmoved during the operation.

As soon as it was over, the surgeon expressed his astonishment at her composure, when she replied, "There should not have been that 'Oh!' God supported me—two texts comforted me: 'Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of Heaven;' and 'If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.' "

A lady who visited her five days after, found her eating an orange as if nothing had happened. Laura said she would not change her situation, or take back her limb. She expressed much pleasure in its having been taken off in Passion-week, as suffering thus, made her feel more for her dear Redeemer.

Thus, out of the mouth of a little child God was glorified ; and this not only shows what Divine grace can do, but is an evidence of prayer being answered.

A christian minister said to Laura, " My dear, I should like to mention what the Lord has done for you ; it may be of use to some little children with whom I am acquainted." " Sir," she replied, " I would rather not have my name mentioned." " What, my dear, not have the grace of God magnified ? It is for his glory, not for your praise, I wish to make it known." " Then, sir," said Laura, " do as you please ; write what you like ; the Lord has indeed supported me."

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LITTLE NELLY.

LITTLE Nelly was the daughter of an ungodly woman, who never taught her to read the Bible, or to go to Sunday school. She died when Nelly was seven years old, and left her without any home but the workhouse. But the mistress of the workhouse was a kind woman, who tried to teach her the way to Heaven ; and though at first she did not appear to be any better for these instructions, it was seen before she died that she had not been taught in vain.

Little Nelly had been treated so cruelly by her mother, that she had become a cripple ; one eye was blind, and the sight of the other was much injured. Her life was one of great suffering ; yet, after she had learned about the Saviour and his salvation, and her

own state as a sinner, she was never heard to murmur, but would weep to think how much trouble she caused her kind friend the mistress, who watched over her with great care and tenderness.

She earnestly desired to be released from her sufferings, and to go to heaven. "If it is not wrong," said she, "I could wish that it might please the Lord to take me to Himself; but I am afraid of wishing it, for fear he should be angry with me for being impatient."

It was Nelly's greatest delight to talk about the love of Christ, in dying for sinners. There was a little boy in the house, who was so kind as to read hymns to her; this she was very thankful for, as she could not see to read herself, and in this way she learned to repeat many. She much loved that hymn, "Jesus, saviour of my soul," and sang it as long as she had strength.

One day she was overheard to say, "I cannot sing, but thou knowest, my dear Saviour, I can pray," and she then expressed her thankfulness to God, for the comforts she

enjoyed, and concluded her prayer by declaring her trust in the Saviour, and her hope of being saved through him.

This dear child tried to do good to the other people in the workhouse. There was one old woman who was very fond of her, to whom she endeavoured to point out the way to heaven. "That door," she would say to her, "is the door of this room, but whenever you enter, think with yourself, that Jesus Christ is the door to Heaven." This poor woman was blind also, and Nelly taught her the hymns the little boy had taught herself. She also talked to her about the duty of prayer, telling her it was useless to pray to God with the lips only; that God wanted the service of the heart. "Remember," she would say to those around her, "that you always pray, not only with your lips, but think in your heart what a sinner you are, and what a holy God you are addressing."

When she was too weak to pray, she begged others to pray for her. A little

while before her death, a friend saw and prayed with her ; when he had finished, she said, “ God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ’s sake :” these were the last words little Nelly spoke to him, and she died in peace, on the 26th of August, 1830.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

ROBERT HALL.

ROBERT HALL, who was a celebrated preacher in the Baptist Church, was born at the village of Arnsby in England, on the 2d of May, 1764. He was the youngest of fourteen children ; and while an infant, was so delicate and feeble, that it was scarcely expected he would live to grow up. Until he was two years old he could neither speak nor walk, but was carried about in the arms of a nurse, who was kept on purpose to take care of him.

Near his father's house was a burial-ground, and his nurse, judging from his actions, that he was desirous to learn the meaning of the inscriptions on the grave-stones, and of the various figures carved upon them, managed by the help of those

inscriptions, to teach him the letters of the alphabet, then to form them into syllables and words, and thus at length to read and speak.

From this time he improved very fast; he was incessantly asking questions, and soon became a great and rapid talker. One day, when he was about three years old, on his finding fault with some one who spoke quickly, his mother reminded him that he spoke very fast. "No," said he, "I only keep at it."

When only five or six years old, in the summer season, after the school hours were over, he would put his little library into his apron, steal into the grave yard which he regarded as his study, lie down upon the grass, and remain there until the darkness of night obliged him to retire into the house.

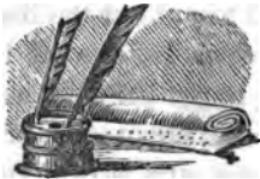
At about six years of age, he was sent to a school about four miles from his father's house. At first, he walked to school in the morning, and home again in the evening, but even then, he suffered so much from the pain in his back, which distressed him

through his whole life, that he was often obliged to lie down upon the road ; and sometimes his brother John and his other schoolfellows carried him in turn, he repaying them, during their labour, by relating some amusing story, or something interesting that he had been reading. When his father found that he was unable to walk so far every day, he took lodgings for him and his brother, at the house of a friend near the school ; after this, they went on Monday morning, and returned to Arnsby on Saturday afternoon.

As the lessons given him at the school, were not sufficient to occupy his whole time, it was his custom, when he left home on Monday morning, to take with him two or three books from his father's library, that he might read them between the school hours. The books he chose, were not such as would merely amuse him, but such as required a great deal of thought, to enable him to understand them.

Before he was ten years old he had written many essays, principally on religious

subjects ; and he often invited his brothers and sisters to hear him preach. He remained at the same school until he was eleven years of age, when the master informed his father, that he was quite unable to keep up with him ; and declared that he had often been obliged to sit up all night to prepare the lessons for the morning ; a practice which he could no longer continue, and must therefore give up his favourite scholar.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

REBECCA:

A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH.

REBECCA C...., a young girl about fifteen years old, was left alone one morning to prepare her parents' dinner, when as she was trying to take something from the mantle piece, her clothes caught fire, and in a moment were in a blaze. The poor girl endeavoured to put out the fire, by snatching the counterpane from off the bed, and wrapping it round her; but as this did not succeed, she ran down stairs, shrieking with terror and pain, and rushed into the street.

A clergyman happening to pass at the time, tried in vain to extinguish the flames with his hands; when two men who were near, came to his assistance. One of them pulled

off his jacket and wrapped it round her, while the other laid her on the cold pavement, and thus put out the fire, but not before poor Rebecca was dreadfully burnt.

She was then carried into the house, and though suffering the most intense pain, immediately kneeled down and prayed for the support which she so much needed. A physician was immediately sent for, and proper remedies used, but the rest of that day and the whole night she passed in great suffering. But pain of body did not make her forget her soul, and she expressed a great desire that some one might come and pray by her.

A kind gentleman who went to see her, found her very patient, and did not hear a single murmur from her lips. A woman who was present, asked her if he should pray by her; she quickly replied, "Oh yes! I should like to hear a prayer." Before he began, he said, "How do you find yourself my dear?" She answered, "I am easier, much easier, thank you Sir." "My dear child," said he, "God is very good, he is our refuge and strength: a very present

help in trouble." She replied, "Oh yes Sir! I love God, and God loves me, and takes care of me."

She was very grateful to her kind-hearted friends for all their attentions, but her greatest comfort in the midst of her sufferings was prayer. She not only prayed most earnestly herself, but was thankful to those who came to pray with her; and "the Lord heard her in this time of trouble, and strengthened her with strength in her soul."

The servant of a christian lady who was dressing her burns, remarked how well she bore her sufferings; when Rebecca replied, "It is my Saviour who enables me to bear them."

Once when some of her friends were conversing around her bed, she cried out in great anguish, "Lord have mercy on me." A gentleman who was present said to her, "My dear you will soon be with your Saviour." As her friends were leaving the room they gave her their blessing, for which she thanked them with real gratitude.

Her sufferings increased very much after

this, but the blessed Jesus was with her and supported her in death. She said, "my sufferings are nothing, I think of what my Saviour suffered, who was crucified and nailed to the cross, for a sinner like me."

About ten minutes before she died, she said to a person near her, "O, I have seen my Saviour,—my Saviour is waiting for me!" Her last words were, "My blessed Jesus, this moment—this moment." She fell asleep in Jesus exactly forty-eight hours after the accident happened, on the very day she was fifteen years old.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FRIENDLESS BOY.

IT was on a pleasant summer evening, when the sun had already sunk in the west, that a good old clergyman in one of the New England villages, went to walk in the grave yard. He passed over the sod which covered many of his beloved people, to whom he had long faithfully preached the gospel of Christ, and at last came to the spot where lay his wife and three daughters. He was just marking out by their side, the place where he hoped shortly to lie in peace, when he was startled by the sobs of a child. He turned, and at a little distance, beheld a lovely white-headed boy, who was kneeling and weeping over the grave of his father.

“Oh Sir,” said the child, “let me cry for my father—he lies deep in that grave ; they

tell me he will never again be my father. I fear I have offended him, and that he will no more be my father, and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do. But they say he is dead. Oh! I would sit here and cry all night—I would never stop if my poor father would come to me. But he will not come, for a few days before they put him in this hole, he told me he was going to leave me, and I should never have a father any more ; and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and told me when he was buried in the ground, that I must be a good boy and love God :—O my poor, dear father !”

The good clergyman pressed the hand of the sorrowing child within his. He tried to comfort him, and direct him to a father in heaven, who would never forsake him. He told him how death entered into the world in consequence of sin, but that the voice of God, would one day awake even the dead. He explained to him the wickedness of man’s heart ; how we all like sheep have gone astray ; and then spoke of the love and mercy

of God, in sending his son Jesus Christ into the world to die for our sins. "And now, my dear little boy," said he, "you have indeed a tender Father, who has promised never to forsake the poor orphan."

"But," said the child, "what is it to be an orphan?"

"It is to be left without father or mother while we are yet children."

"I think I understand," said he, "but what is a *poor* orphan?"

The clergyman was affected, but he replied, "It is a child who is left without money as well as without friends."

"O, I wish," said the boy, "that I was a *poor* orphan, if God would be my father."

The old minister wept, for he knew that the child was indeed a poor orphan. "I trust, my dear child," said he, "that God will be your father. I hope you will not only be good, and live so as to meet your poor father in heaven, but that your life will be spent in trying to do good to others."

The clergyman held his hand, and as they knelt on the grave, he prayed that God

would provide for the little orphan. He took the boy to his house, soothed his grief, and intended to make him his own child. But God had determined otherwise. The faithful pastor was soon after laid upon the bed of death, and the child was left a second time an orphan. He was thrown upon the wide world with but few friends to care for him, but there is one who heareth the young ravens when they cry, and will provide for the fatherless.

Though this boy was placed in many different situations, and passed through many trials, he was ever protected by the tender mercy of God. At the age of sixteen, it is believed, he felt the power of the Spirit of God upon his heart. Friends were raised up to him, he was enabled to enter college, and at the time this account was written, he had determined to become a missionary, and to spend the rest of his life in some heathen land, in the service of his Saviour.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

HISTORY OF A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

ANN H....., was born on the 10th of August, 1820. When a very little child, she was so fond of reading, that her parents were obliged frequently to draw her away from her books, lest her constant habit of reading them should injure her health. After having learned the large letters of the alphabet from her mother, with very little assistance in the smaller letters, she taught herself to read.

From the time she was four years old, she was in the habit of reading one or more chapters in the New Testament every day, so that by her fifth birth-day, she had gone through the whole of it with her father, excepting the book of Revelations.

It was her parents' wish, that she should repeat one or two verses of Scripture, every morning at the breakfast table, but instead of this, she frequently gratified them by reciting six, seven, or eight verses, especially when going through the gospel of St. John, which she loved better than any other part of the Bible, excepting the Psalms.

Very often, particularly on Sunday, she used to retire with her little brothers and sisters, to pray in secret, and to read the Scriptures and other good books ; and more than once, when some of the servants were obliged to be absent from church, they requested that Miss Ann might stay at home with them, because she enabled them to spend the time so profitably.

Her delight in the public worship of God was very great; she was so attentive to the sermons, that she was often able to write down parts of them afterwards, or passages of Scripture, which were quoted in them. In the last of these papers she ever wrote, are these verses: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that

I desire beside thee." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." "Ye believe in God, believe also in me:" "in my father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

A few weeks before her death, her father had been preaching from these beautiful words: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I." In speaking of the sermon afterwards, some one of the family remarked, that Christ is constantly spoken of as a Rock, both in the Old and New Testaments; and how delightful it is to the believer to know, that when placed upon this Rock, neither the storms of life nor of death can remove him, for there he is safe. This seemed to give her much comfort, and in reading the Psalms afterwards, whenever the Rock was spoken of, she stopped her mother, saying, "There mamma, is the Rock again."

Her mother having often observed her engaged in prayer, at those times when she

was herself praying, said to her one day, "My dear child, I am pleased to observe that you generally seem to pray when I do." "Yes, mamma," she replied, "I like to pray when you do, because it is so pleasant to feel that we are both praying at the same time for each other." "Will you tell me, my dear, what prayers you say? are they the same you have been taught by me, or do you use other words?" "Why, mamma," she replied, "sometimes I try to pray myself; at others, I use the prayer you have taught me; but I like to use other words, and therefore it is, I am sometimes anxious you should come to bed earlier, for I get tired, and am afraid I shall fall asleep, and then I am obliged to use the words I have learned from you." "And will you tell me, my dear Ann, what you pray for, when you do not use your usual prayer?" "No, mamma, I would rather only tell God what I say then."

At another time, when she had shown much pleasure in listening to the Bible, her mother said, "My dear, if it be so pleasant

to read these books now, how delightful it will be to appear in Heaven with David, Moses, and the other good men who wrote them." After a little pause she replied, "I used to think, because God was angry with Moses, and would not allow him to enter the land of Canaan, that he was not in Heaven ; but I do not think so now : indeed I am satisfied he is there."

It pleased the Lord to deal gently with this dear little girl ; her sufferings were by no means so great as are often experienced. During the last few weeks of her life, however, she was much distressed by sores in different parts of her body, owing to her having been long confined to her bed ; but she never murmured or repined, though her weakness and the approach of death, caused her great restlessness and anxiety ; and only on one occasion, during her long and often distressing illness, did she shed a tear.

The day before she died, when she was told she could not continue long on earth, but might perhaps by the next Sunday be

in Heaven, she assured her friends she was happy. When they perceived that her death was very near, her two elder brothers were called into the room, both of whom kissed her, and then with their parents, once more joined with her in prayer, that her Saviour might be with her, and that she might have his everlasting arms beneath her. At the close, her father asked her, if she was happy in Jesus Christ ; to which she distinctly answered, " Yes." Thinking from her manner, that she was likely to sleep, her father left her in the care of a servant, who had faithfully and affectionately watched over her, during the whole of her illness. He returned in less than five minutes with her mother, when they found that she had that instant, fallen asleep in Jesus.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS IN THE SNOW

Two brothers, whose wives were sisters, lived near Glasgow in Scotland. They were calico printers, and earned enough by their work to support their families comfortably, and to send their children to school. As their numbers increased however, work grew more scarce, and they found themselves becoming poorer and poorer. They at length resolved to come to America, and embarked with their families, in a vessel for Canada.

They settled in a new part of the country, about two hundred miles from Montreal, but they soon found that the task of cutting down trees, and building their log hut, was too hard for them, and they came into the United States, to seek for employment

in some of the new manufactories. They left home on the 15th of November, expecting to send for their families in a short time. It was not however until the 10th of February, that their wives received a letter, which informed them, that their husbands had found work at Fall River in Massachusetts, and would send for them, as soon as they had earned money enough.

But the poor women could not wait for this. They and their children were half starved already, and the snow and cold wind, poured in through the wide cracks of their log hut. They were obliged, while standing to their knees in snow, to cut down with their own hands, the trees which they used for fire. As soon as they learned where their husbands were, they resolved to go to them. They engaged a sleigh, and their little preparations were soon made; but before the day came, the snow threatened to break up; the man who was to take them, was afraid to venture upon the long journey, and refused to go.

They had now no choice left, but either

to go on bearing the same hardships which they had been suffering, or to attempt the journey on foot. They determined to try the latter, though the distance was nearly five hundred miles. They had but four dollars left, and they had eight little children to take with them, the eldest of whom was not ten years old.

On the 18th of February, they set off; each of the women carrying her baby and a bundle of clothes. The eldest girl, Sarah, carried her little sister of a year and a half old, and the other three girls and two boys, aged from three to eight years, trudged along as well as their little feet could carry them. On the 12th of March, they reached Johnstown, about two hundred and forty miles from their house in the woods, which distance they had travelled in little more than three weeks. During that time, the weather had been remarkably cold, and there had been two deep falls of snow. The roads were but little beaten, yet amidst all the snow and storm, not a day passed, in which they did not get forward a little

They had several times been carried a few miles, by some kind persons in sleighs or wagons, but more than two hundred miles they had travelled on foot. Their money was soon spent, yet they never begged, but took thankfully what was offered them, and slept where they could. Little Sarah, who carried her sister, suffered much with the soreness of her shoulders, and two others had their faces frost-bitten; but though much wearied, they were all in good health and spirits when they reached Johnstown.

There they were received with great kindness, and comfortably housed and fed, for the few days they remained. Warm clothes were given them, a stock of good provisions was prepared, a sum of money was provided, and a sleigh hired to take them to Albany.

It was a pleasant sight to see their happy faces, as they set off over the icy road in a sleigh, with the children comfortably wrapped up, to join the fathers whom they loved.

When they reached Albany, they were treated in the same kind manner; a vehicle

was hired, with a steady and careful driver to carry them the rest of the way, and provisions enough to last them, until they should reach their homes.

On the evening of the day on which they left Albany, the elder of the two brothers arrived there, on his way to meet them; for after they had travelled about fifty miles from home, they stopped at a tavern, and wrote to their husbands. On receiving the letter, one of the brothers instantly set off, and was in such haste to get on, that he passed through Albany without making any enquiries; but some distance beyond, he met with a person who asked him about the roads, and spoke of two women with eight children who were journeying that way. The man turned back directly, and when he again arrived at Albany, and heard what had been done for his family, he was desirous to return all the money which had been given them. No body however would receive it, except the managers of one of the benevolent societies, who had kindly given them a considerable sum.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

AUGUSTUS.

AUGUSTUS was born at Paris, on the 24th of October, 1786. As soon almost as he could talk, he was very desirous to learn to read ; and he would often in the day, ask his father to give him a little lesson. In a few months he learned to read, and before he was five years old, he could read very well.

His father had three young pupils who lived with him, and whom he instructed with his elder son. These boys were very kind to Augustus, and he loved them as if they had been his own brothers. One of them taught him to write, and to work in his little garden and to manage it ; and another taught him to draw. They were glad to have him with them, and to play with him,

but when they went to their studies, he was left quite alone, to play by himself, and amuse himself as well as he could. At these times he always felt very sad, and sometimes even the tears would run down his pretty rosy cheeks ; but he soon wiped them away. One day, after his friends were gone, he went to his mother, and opened his little heart to her, and told her all his sorrow. She took him by the hand, and led him very softly into the room where his brother and the other boys were ; and he sat down by them. When they saw him they laughed, but he said to them, “ Do not make a noise, for fear papa should send me away.” He sat quite still, and was very attentive to every thing that passed. From that time, he always went into the study with his brother, and his companions, and learned his lessons with them.. He improved very fast, because he was attentive, and took pains, and wished to learn as much, and as well as he could.

He always liked to share every thing he could, with his little friends. One day

when he was in the garden with them, he took a fine large pear from his pocket, and said, "Look, I have a pear. Let us eat it. We are five ; it is not easy to divide any thing exactly into five parts, but I will try." Then he took his knife and cut the pear into five parts, keeping the smallest part for himself : and he seemed delighted that he had any thing to give his friends.

Augustus dearly loved his parents. He took great pleasure in waiting on them, and doing all he could to assist and please them. When he had done any little thing for his mother, he would sometimes say to her, "Am I not already of some use to you, mamma ?"

His father promised him, that whenever he was a good boy about his lessons, he would give him some money ; and his father always did as he said. Augustus was glad when he received his little reward, and he was very careful of the money. One day he said to his father, "Papa, I do not want any thing ; I will give you my money." "But," said his father, "I cannot

take again what I have once given." "Papa, I wish to make you a present of it." "No, no," said his father, "keep your money. You have earned it; you must enjoy it. Buy any thing you like." "Papa, you are poor; the money will be more useful to you than to me." He said all he could to persuade his father to take the money, but when he found that he could not persuade him, he said no more about it. He kissed his father, and began to play with him; and while they were playing he slipped the money into his father's pocket; and then his little heart seemed full of joy, for he thought he had done something for his dear papa.

His father's eyes having become extremely weak, he told his two sons that he was afraid he should be blind; "and then," said he, "what will become of us?" "Do not be troubled, papa," said little Augustus, who was sitting in his lap; "if you should be blind, I will take care of you, and lead you about." One day his father said, that he wished the house in which they lived, be

longed to him. "Do you?" said Augustus; "well, when I am grown up, I will work very hard; and when I have earned enough, I will buy it for you; and we will live in it together."

AUGUSTUS,
CONTINUED.

Augustus was very kind to his brother: he loved to talk with him, and to play with him; and if he had any thing that he thought his brother wanted, he would generally give it to him, or share it with him.

One day, Augustus was desired by his mother to fetch some milk. His brother, who was not always so kind to him as he ought to have been, wished to go in his stead. Augustus held the pitcher fast, because his mother had told him to take it, and fetch the milk: at length, the pitcher was broken between them, and fell in pieces on the ground. Then Augustus burst into tears: he was grieved that his brother had been so unkind, and he was sorry the pitcher was broken; for he did not like

that any thing which belonged to him, or that he had the care of, should be hurt or destroyed; and he did not know how to go home with the pieces of the broken pitcher, instead of the warm, nice, new milk. A woman who was in the street, and had noticed what had happened, was sorry to see the little boy in so much trouble, and told him to say, when he went home, that the milk woman had broken the pitcher. Then Augustus wiped away his tears, and looking at the woman, said, "That would be telling a lie: I will speak the truth. My mamma will not scold me; but if she should scold me, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie."

Augustus took great care of his books, and clothes, and of every thing that belonged to him: he did not like to waste, or lose any thing that would be of use. He grew rapidly, and except when he was at his lessons, he was almost always running or jumping, or in some brisk motion, yet he did not wear out his clothes, so fast as most children do; for even when he was at play, he

was very careful not to tear, or dirty them. He liked to have his clothes nicely mended, and to be always neatly and properly dressed, and to have his little person thoroughly clean ; but he had no wish for finer or better clothes than his parents could easily afford to buy for him.

He always kept his clothes, and books, and all his things, in their proper places ; so that when he wanted any thing that belonged to him, he could find it at once, even in the dark. A few months after his death, his mother wanted some pieces of cloth, to mend his brother's coat. She found some pieces done up very carefully ; which Augustus, who was always desirous to do every thing he could to please her, had sorted and put together. He had written on the outside of the parcel ; " Little pieces of cloth for mamma. No. 1." And no doubt he had intended to make up some more parcels for her in the same way.

Augustus never meddled with any thing, or took any thing that belonged to other people, without their leave. Nothing was

locked up from him; baskets filled with pears, or apples, or other kinds of fruit, were frequently left in a closet which he might open when he pleased. But he never touched them, or took any of the fruit in his father's garden, unless he was told that he might do so. When he was at play in the garden, and saw a great many apples or pears fallen on the ground, he would pick them up very carefully and carry them to his father, and say, "Look papa, what a pity. There are some more apples or pears fallen."

When he went out to take a walk, and saw cakes and toys, which children are generally so fond of, he often looked at them as if he wished to have some; but he was not troublesome, and never said, nor did, any thing improper to get them. Once, when he looked very wishfully at some pretty toys, his mother said, "My dear, I cannot afford to buy such things for you; I wish I could." Then he was quite satisfied, and began to think and talk about something else.

He was easily pleased; small pieces of wood, tools with which he could make useful things for himself, his little garden, his spade and rake and watering-pot, a walk in the fields, a book, or a pencil, were always sufficient to amuse him. He was very thankful for the least thing that was given to him or done for him, and would often say, "Oh, I am very happy!"

AUGUSTUS,
CONCLUDED.

When Augustus hurt himself, and met with any accident, he did not cry out or complain. A little boy who was at play with him, fell upon him and hurt him, but begged him not to mention who had hurt him. "You need not be afraid," said Augustus, "and if I were to tell of you, "would that cure me?"

He was very pitiful to poor distressed people, especially to those who were old, and infirm, and blind: he would often share his meals with them. One day seeing his mother scraping some old linen, he said,

“Mamma, what are you doing that for?” She said, “I am making lint.” “And what is lint for?” “It is to put upon wounds and sore places.” “Does it do them any good?” “Yes, my dear.” “Then mamma if you will give me some old linen, I will make lint too.” After that time he often amused himself with making lint; and he had great pleasure in doing up little parcels of clean nice lint, which he had made himself, to be ready for poor people when they wanted it.

Augustus was kind even to dumb creatures; for he knew that though they cannot speak, they can feel as well as we. He often saw a poor dog in the street, that he thought was almost starved. When he saw the dog, he would call out to his mother, “Mamma, there is the poor dog; pray give him something to eat.” And when he had fed the dog, and stroked him and called him, “Poor creature, poor creature,” the dog would look at his kind little friend, and wag his tail, and jump upon him as if to thank him.

His mother gave him a little kitten. He

was very kind to it, and fed it carefully ; and on the very day that this sweet child died, he asked if any body had fed his cat. He was much grieved to see horses ill used, and especially to see them beaten on the head by cruel men. "Papa," said he, "draw up a petition for poor horses, that work so hard, and are so badly treated."

Augustus was a beautiful child, and strong and healthy, but when he was seven years old, he was taken very ill. He soon grew worse and worse, and in a short time he died. His sufferings were great: his whole body was full of pain; but he was very patient, and kind, and affectionate to his parents. He bore without murmuring and without crying out, every thing that was tried to do him good.

One day, when his mother was weeping bitterly, she said to him, "My dear child, I am grieved that I have not done more to make you happy." "O mamma!" said he, "you have been always very kind to me; you never did any thing to me but

good. You nursed me; you have instructed me."

Seeing his parents much troubled at the thought of losing him, he said all he could to comfort them; and spoke very kindly to his brother. A short time before he expired, he said, "What grieves me most, is to leave you mamma;—and that I cannot be useful to my country."

When he lay dying, he tenderly kissed his father and mother; and stretched out his little hands to them. He looked lovely even in death: his fine bright eyes were closed, but he seemed as if he were only asleep; very soon his little body was laid in the grave, but we hope his sweet spirit had ascended into heaven, to the great and good God who gave it. When he was dead, his mother cried out, "I am satisfied! *All his sufferings are over now.*"



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE HOTENTOT BOY.

A LITTLE boy of about ten years of age, who had attended one of the mission schools among the Hottentots, was taken very ill; and as he thought he was going to die, he desired to see Mr. Anderson, one of the missionaries. Mr. Anderson went immediately to see him, and when he entered the room in which he was lying, and sat down by his bedside, the little boy, whose name was Frederick Roodes, raised himself up, and seemed much pleased to see him. "Frederick," said Mr. Anderson, "why did you send for me?" "Because Sir, I am going to leave you," said he. The missionary then asked him where he thought he was going. "To heaven," was the reply. "Who will take you to heaven?" "Jesus

Christ." "Do you believe you are a sinner?" "Oh, yes Sir." "And will God forgive your sins?" "Yes, Jesus died for sinners." "Shall I pray with you?" "If you please, Sir." "But will you be able to understand me?" With a smile he said, "Yes, Sir." Upon being asked whether he understood what had been said in prayer, he replied, "Yes, I have."

This was about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon. In the evening he said to the people around him, "I shall not be with you to-morrow. I am going to heaven." He then expressed a wish to see his school-fellows; and when they came to him he said, "See where I am now, I cannot play any more with you; I am going to leave you: you must be obedient to your parents; remember the commandment, honour thy father and mother: I hope you will not take any thing that is not your own; I know it is a very easy thing to steal, but oh! what a great sin it is before God." After talking some time longer, he shook hands with each of his schoolfel-

lows. He then called his little sisters, and took leave of them. About midnight he asked his father, in whose arms he was lying, to place him on the bed, and soon after he said to his mother, "I must leave you: God calls me away. Give me the last kiss." With a heart full of grief and affection, she kissed him, and his father and all present received his last farewell. The great pain had ceased: soon after he was heard to exclaim, "Lord Jesus do receive me. I am a great sinner but pardon my sins."

These were his latest words—he died without a struggle.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE HOT ROLL.

A LITTLE boy, about seven years old, was on a visit to a lady, who was very fond of him. He was a great way from his own home, and from his dear parents ; but he behaved very well, and endeavoured to do every thing, that he thought would please them, if they were present, or were to hear of it.

One day at breakfast, there was some hot bread on the table, and it was handed to him. He refused to take any, but looked as if he wished to have some. “Do you not like hot bread?” said the lady. “Yes,” replied he, “I am very fond of it.” “Then my dear, why do you not take some?”—“Because my papa does not approve of my eating hot bread.” I suppose his father thought, as most people do, that hot bread

is not wholesome. "But your father is a great way off," said the lady, "he will not know whether you eat it or not." "No," said the little boy, "I will not disobey my father and mother. I must do what they have told me to do, though they are a great way off. I would not touch the roll, if I were sure nobody could see me. I myself should know it, and that would be sufficient."

When the lady found him, so resolute in doing what was right, she was pleased with him, and commended him, and no doubt, he felt much happier in his own mind, than he would have done, if he had eaten the hot roll.

The greatest of all pleasures, is that of doing what we know, is pleasing to God.



BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THEODORE

LITTLE Theodore, was born in October, 1827. He lived in Philadelphia with his mother and grandmother, who loved him very much, and took good care of him. He had several other relatives, who lived in the same house, and Theodore was the little favourite of them all; for his temper was so sweet and gentle, that none who were acquainted with him, could help loving him. He was not much known away from home, for besides being a very small boy, his health was so delicate, that he was not allowed to go out as much as most children are. This little boy, besides being instructed in what would make him good and happy in this world, was very early

taught to fear God, and to love Jesus, who came into the world to save sinners.

Now perhaps there is not a child who reads this, who has not been taught the very same things, either by parents, friends, or teachers. O! that children would remember what a blessing it is to have such friends, and would attend to what they are so carefully taught.

Nothing seemed to delight Theodore so much, as to hear about God and the Saviour, and to have the bible read and explained to him. He would often go and sit down by some one of his friends, when he saw they had time, and ask them to talk to him about God, and the bible, and then he would ask questions, and make remarks of his own, which showed that he understood what he had read, or heard.

He often spent whole hours with his grandmother, when the rest of the family were out, and made the time pass so pleasantly, that when the family came home and asked her if she had not felt lonely, she would say, "O no! it is impossible to feel

lonely with so pleasant a little companion as Theodore."

All the conduct of little Theodore, showed that he tried to keep God's commandments. Whenever any sinful passion arose in his heart, if he was reminded that he was sinning against God, it would stop him in a moment. He had by nature what is called a quick temper, that is, he was easily made angry when any thing vexed him. Anger is a sinful passion of the heart; and when it is indulged, it leads to a great many sinful words and actions; and it requires a great deal of watchfulness, to keep it from breaking out. It was the indulgence of anger, that made Cain kill his brother Abel, as we read in the bible; and it would be impossible to tell all the wickedness, cruelty, and murder which it has caused in the world. We ought to pray earnestly to God, for grace to enable us to overcome our evil tempers. Theodore did so, but yet sometimes he would forget himself when any thing suddenly vexed him, and his evil passions would for a moment break out: but

even when he was most angry, if any of his friends only said to him, "now, Theodore, remember you are sinning against God :" all his anger seemed to be gone at once, and he would become as mild and gentle as a lamb ; and then he would ask forgiveness for his bad conduct, and show a great deal of sorrow on account of it.

He would often go and sit by some one of the family, who might be sewing at the window. At one time, while he was thus sitting by his grandmother, she observed that he was very thoughtful. She asked him what he was thinking about, and he said, "I am thinking about God."

Good children will remember, that while they enjoy a great many comforts, and have many things to make their lives pleasant, there are many poor people in the world, who suffer the want of all the good things, which they enjoy, and are in poverty and distress. While they remember who gives them all good things and are thankful for them, they will pity the poor who are with-

out them, and will be ready to do all they can to relieve their wants.

Little Theodore, would often deny himself things, that most children are fond of buying, that he might have something to give to the poor. Sometimes, when he saw nice cakes or fruit, which he was very fond of, he would say, "I should like some of those very much, but then I think it would not be right to spend my money in buying them, when so many people are suffering for want of bread ; and I would rather save my money and give it to the poor, than spend it in buying such things for myself."

THEODORE
CONCLUDED.

Another way in which Theodore delighted to spend his money, was to give it to the Missionary Society to help to send ministers of the Gospel, and bibles, and good books, to the poor heathen who are without them ; that they may know about the God who made them, and the Saviour who died for them. He would lay up all the money

he could save, until the end of the year, and then give it to the missionary fund, and nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure, than to make this New Year's present, to help to send the Gospel to the heathen. At the time of his death, he had quite a little sum, which he had saved almost entirely from money which had been given him, instead of buying toys and cakes with it; and this sum, he begged might be sent to the society, as his dying gift. His mother accordingly sent it after his death; and no doubt, the Saviour was as much pleased with this gift of little Theodore, as with the much larger offerings of many great and rich people.

How much happier was Theodore, in thus bestowing his money to do good, than those children are who spend it in buying trifles, which will afford them pleasure only for a short time, and do them no real lasting good.

We pass over many things in the life of this little boy, for fear our story should be too long; and come to his last sickness.

This was very painful, yet he bore it with a great deal of patience. His disease affected his throat, so as to make it very difficult for him to speak. On this account, his friends would not talk much with him; yet he said enough to make them think he was fully prepared to die; and this made them feel very happy.

One night when his mother was watching by his bedside, expecting every breath would be his last, he said, "Mother you are afraid to die, but I am not." He then lay very still for a few moments, and his mother and friends thought he was dead; but he began to say the Lord's prayer, and repeated it as far as "Thy will be done." For a week before this, his friends had scarcely been able to understand a word that he said.

The next morning he was a little better, and he said to his aunt who was sitting near his bed, "Aunt, did you think I should die last night?" His aunt told him, that at one time she thought he would, for he seemed so very ill; and then she asked him whether he did not think so himself.

"Yes," said Theodore, "I did think at one time that I should die."

His aunt then asked him whether he did not try to pray, when he felt so near dying.

"Yes, aunt," said he, "when I was lying so very low, and expected soon to die, the thought came into my mind, that I must pray. Something seemed to whisper to my heart, 'Theodore pray,' so I began the Lord's prayer; and then I thought you all began to laugh at me, and I felt so much grieved, that I could not go on."

"But my dear," said his aunt, "do you really think we laughed at you for praying? How could we, and when you were so very ill too?"

Theodore did not appear to believe that they had laughed at him, but said it seemed so to him in the night.

His aunt then asked him if he felt afraid to die. He said that he did, because he felt he was so very sinful. "But," said she, "do you think you have been so wicked that God will not forgive you?"

"I do'nt know," said he, "but somehow I feel as if I did not want to die."

"But you know," said his aunt, "that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and he invites you to come to him."

"Yes," said Theodore, "I know it, and he said, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, and I do hope that if I die, he will take me to himself in heaven."

This conversation which Theodore had with his aunt, showed that he thought a great deal about dying. He lived about two weeks after this; but nearly all the time he was so very ill and weak, and his throat troubled him so much, that often when he would try to speak, he could scarcely make himself understood.

It was thought at one time that he was getting a little better, and his friends hoped he might be well again; but God was pleased to order it otherwise; and after suffering a great deal of pain and distress, he was at last taken to heaven on the 22d of October, 1834, when he was seven years, and five months old.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE STOLEN NAILS.

A LITTLE boy, was once sent to a store by his parents, to purchase something. He saw there a cask of nails with very sharp points, just such as he had been wanting to put in the end of a dart. He had no money of his own with him, to buy them with, and he was ashamed to beg for them, so when nobody was looking at him, he put three or four of them into his pocket. I said *nobody* was looking, but I meant no one in the store, for the great God who knows not only all we do, but even the very thoughts of our hearts, must of course have seen him. But the little boy either did not remember that God saw him, or he did not fear to offend him, or else he hoped that God would not care about such a little thing, as taking a few nails.

When he went home, he told his brother what he had done, and his brother directly said, "Mother, R..... has been stealing." She was grieved to hear it, and though the little boy made the best excuse he could, she was not satisfied. She knew that though it might seem a little thing to take three or four nails, yet it was really sinful; and that if she allowed her child to do that now, he might afterwards become a thief.

She talked to him a long time on the importance of being honest in the smallest matter. She then took the nails, wrapped them in a paper, and laid them in a drawer, until the boy went to the store again; he then took the nails, and put them back in the place from which he had taken them.

The little boy never forgot this, for he knew his mother reproved him, because she loved him. If she had thought it too small a matter to take notice of, and had said nothing to him about the sinfulness of it, he might now be in prison for stealing, but instead of this, he has been for several years, a missionary in the Sandwich Islands.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LOST BALL.

A very little boy, had one day a ball given him by his father, but on a Saturday morning, while playing with it at school, it happened to be thrown over the fence and lost. He looked for it a long time in vain; and when he went home he told his grief to his mother. She tried to comfort him as well as she could, but it was a great loss to him. The next day was Sunday, and the little boy behaved remarkably well. He learned his hymn perfectly, and spent great part of the time that he was at home, in reading good books, as he sat in his little chair by the fire. His parents were both pleased with him, and when he bade them good night, and went to bed, he felt peaceful and happy. The next day, he went to school as

usual, and as he walked along he thought of his ball. Upon climbing over the fence into the field, where he had looked so long for it on Saturday, almost the first thing he saw, was his ball, partly hid by a stone. His joy was very great, and when school was over, he ran home to tell his mother, knowing that she would rejoice with him. After saying how glad she was that he had found his ball, she told him, that a great and good man Sir Matthew Hale, had said, that he never passed the sabbath well, without being prospered the following week. "You remember, my son," she continued, "that you were a good boy yesterday. This shows you, that if you would be prosperous and happy, you must remember the sabbath day, and keep it holy."

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD

THE CAFFRE GIRL.

In the southern part of Africa where the Caffres live, the wolves are very savage, and often carry off and devour the children. A little girl about eight years old, was one day lying on the ground, when four of these creatures rushed out of the woods and seized her, one by the head, another by the shoulders, and the other two by the legs. The people of the village ran to help her, and drove them away. They tried for a few days to cure her, but finding they did not succeed, they gave her her choice, either to be killed by the young men of the place, or to be taken back to the woods to die, or be devoured by the wolves.

The poor little girl chose to go to the woods. She had heard of the missionary station which was at no great distance, and

hoped that if she could but get to it, the missionaries would take care of her, though her parents and friends had cast her off. She set out, and though she had to travel several miles through deep glens, she arrived safely. She was an awful sight, suffering dreadfully, almost without clothing, and covered with fourteen large wounds, the most ghastly of which was that of the head and face, for the wolf had torn open her mouth to the ear, and pulled off the upper part of the covering of the head.

Through the mercy of God she entirely recovered, but declared she would never return to those who forced her into the woods to die.

Some time afterwards, as one of the missionaries was walking at a little distance from the house, he heard some one in earnest prayer, and perceiving it was the voice of a child, he went towards it, and found in a quiet spot among the woods, the little Cafre girl pouring out her thanks to the God of her mercies, when she thought n^r, eve but His saw her, and no ear heard her.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN was born at Strasbourg on the 31st of August, 1740. His father had nine children, to all of whom he was most tenderly attached, and to whose instruction he devoted all the time he could spare from his business. They in return were very fond of him, and endeavoured by every means in their power, to make him happy.

Though he was by no means rich, he was in the habit of giving each of his children a little money every Saturday, to spend in any way they pleased ; and the following anecdote is related of Frederick. When the tailor's or shoemaker's bills were brought home on Saturday night, as he knew his father always liked to pay them immediately, he

used to watch his countenance, and if he thought he was in want of money, he would run to his savings box, and return in triumph, to empty all his little store into the hands of his beloved parent.

But it was not only to his father that he loved to give his money, for he was never more happy, than when it was in his power to relieve any distressed persons. As he was one day passing the market-place when his little box of savings was nearly full, he saw some rude boys knock down a basket of eggs, which a country woman was carrying on her head. The woman was in great trouble, when Frederick not only rebuked the boys with much spirit; but ran home, fetched his box, and gave her all its contents.

Another day he was passing in Strasbourg market, by the stall of a person who sold old clothes, when a poor infirm woman was trying to persuade the clothes dealer to let her have some article which she wanted very much, but which she had not quite money enough to pay for. She was on the point

of leaving the stall, when Frederick, who only waited for her to retire, slipped the money that was wanting into the dealer's hand, and whispered to him to call the poor woman back and let her have the gown; and then without stopping for her thanks, he ran away.

Another time he saw a man ill-using a sick beggar in the street, and without thinking what might be the consequences, he placed himself between them, and reproved the man for his cruelty. The neighbours who knew and loved Frederick, came running from their shops, and would not allow the man to strike him as he seemed inclined to do. A few days afterwards, he happened to be walking in a narrow lane, when he saw the same person at a distance. "Shall I run away?" thought he to himself. "No, God is with me. I relieved the poor man, why should I fear?" With these reflections he walked on, and the man, smiling at him, allowed him to pass.

In after life, Frederick often said that it was to his mother, he owed his love of the

“things that are excellent,” and his desire of doing all in his power for the good of others. She was a most admirable woman, and endeavoured to bring up her children “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” She was in the habit of assembling them every evening, and of reading aloud some instructive book, while they sat around the table copying pictures which their father had drawn for them; and scarcely a night passed, without their making a general request just before they went to bed, for “our beautiful hymn from dear mamma,” with which she always complied. The hymn was followed by a prayer, and thus their young hearts were led to Him who has said, “suffer little children to come unto me.”

About this time, their father used to take them every Thursday evening during the summer months to his estate in the country; and on arriving there, he would fasten an old drum to his waist, place his seven blooming boys in a line, and walk before them in the character of a drummer, making them

face to the right and left, and march like soldiers. Little Frederick delighted much in this exercise, and would mingle with the soldiers and march with them, until he had attracted the notice of the officers by his knowledge respecting battles and sieges. His father who did not wish him to become a soldier, at length interfered, and told him it was time to give up this child's play for study and serious labour, and by great diligence he soon made up for the time he had lost.

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN,
CONCLUDED.

After Oberlin became a minister of the gospel, he did not at once take the charge of any parish, but at length he was invited to become the pastor of the Bande la Roche, a mountainous district in the north-east of France, which includes several villages. On his arrival at Waldbach, one of these villages, he took up his residence in the parsonage house. It had a court-yard in front, and a good garden behind, and stood in a de-

lightful situation very near the church, being surrounded by mountains, the tops and sides of which were partly covered with pines, and a few other straggling trees.

The people who lived in these villages were very poor, and being without the common instruments for cultivating the ground, such as ploughs and harrows, their fields yielded scarcely enough to supply them with food. Indeed the old men told him, that they remembered to have heard from their fathers, that before the year 1709, which was about sixty years before Oberlin went to live among them, the people had lived chiefly on wild apples and pears. But the dreadful famine which happened that year, obliged them to try some other means of procuring food, and with this view, they cleared away part of an immense forest, which extended over almost the whole country, and planted potatoes for the first time. But owing to the cold seasons, and to the earth having been often swept away from the rocks by the hard rains, the fields at the time of Oberlin's arrival, did not pro-

duce more than one third as much as they had formerly done.

The people did not know how to remedy the evil, but Oberlin thinking it probable, that a new kind of potatoe might do better, procured some seed from other places. As the sandy soil of the mountains suited the potatoe remarkably well, abundance soon returned, and the inhabitants not only raised enough for their own use, but were able to sell a considerable quantity.

One of the first objects of Oberlin's care, was to repair and widen the roads, which, owing to the rapid torrents pouring from the mountains, and to the rocks and earth, which were continually falling, were for a great part of the year quite impassable. The principal road leading from the villages, wound down the side of a precipice, and thence across the river Bruche, which it was necessary to cross on stepping stones, although it was thirty feet wide.

Having assembled the people, Oberlin proposed that they should blast the rocks, and carry a quantity of the stone to a place

where it was necessary to build a wall, to support the road for about a mile and a half; and also to build a bridge across the river. The peasants were perfectly astonished, for the work appeared to them too great to be accomplished, and every one excused himself from undertaking it. Oberlin endeavoured to persuade them to make the attempt, by telling them that they would then be enabled to take their potatoes, and other things to market, and instead of being shut up in their villages nine months in the year, they would have the opportunity of going whenever they wished to the neighbouring towns, and of procuring many things, of which they had long stood in need.

He then took a pick-axe on his shoulder, and invited them all to come and work with him, while the astonished peasants seeing him ready to do his part, forgot their former excuses, and hastened to fetch their tools and follow him. He chose for himself and his faithful servant, the most difficult and dangerous places, and regardless

of the thorns by which his hands were torn, and the loose stones by which they were bruised, he went to work with the greatest diligence; and with the aid of his people, succeeded in forming a new road, and building a neat wooden bridge across the river.

Oberlin found that there were neither masons, blacksmiths, nor cartwrights in the parish, and whenever any of the tools happened to break or get out of repair, the poor people had to spend two whole days in going to Strasbourg to get them mended, or to buy others. He accordingly chose some of the best among the elder boys, and sent them to Strasbourg to learn the trades of a carpenter, a mason, a glazier, a cartwright, and a blacksmith. By this means, he succeeded in procuring good workmen, who on their return, not only instructed others in their trades, but saved the people the expense and loss of time, they had formerly incurred in going to Strasbourg.

The houses of the peasants, were generally wretched cabins hewn out of the rock, or sunk into the sides of the mountains, and

without cellars deep enough to preserve their potatoes from the frost. But under Oberlin's direction, cellars were dug, and comfortable cottages built. He was also desirous to teach the people to raise fruit trees round their houses, which were generally bare and desolate, but as they thought they knew much better than he did, about such matters, he determined instead of talking to them, to let them see what could be done.

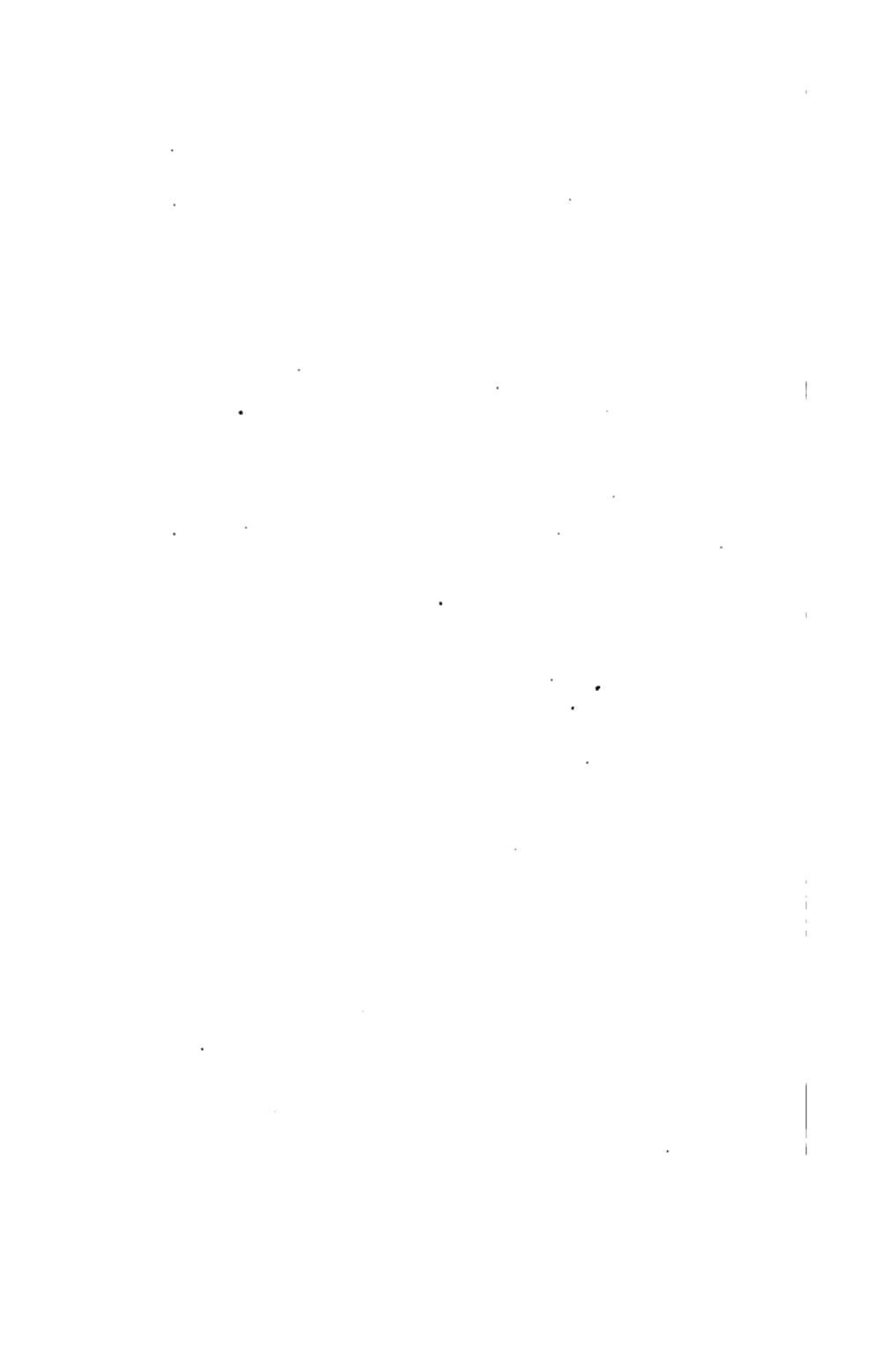
Belonging to his parsonage were two gardens, through which the peasants were obliged to pass, in going to their daily work, and there he set out slips of apples, pears, plums, cherries and walnuts ; and digging trenches four or five feet deep, he surrounded the young trees with such soil as he thought would be best for them. The trees grew and flourished, and the peasants who could not help stopping to admire them, at last came to him to enquire how such fine trees could grow in such a poor soil. Oberlin first directed their thoughts to Him, who causeth the earth to bring forth and

bud, and then explained to them the way in which they could raise such trees for themselves. The cottages, were soon surrounded by neat little gardens and orchards, and instead of being poor and miserable, the villages and their inhabitants, began to look comfortable and happy.

Oberlin continued to live at Waldbach until his death, which took place in the year 1826, when he was nearly eighty-six years old. Though his people were poor, and he was obliged to bear a great many hardships while he lived amongst them, he could not be persuaded to leave them. They loved him, as if he had been their own father, and when he died, there was sorrow and mourning in every cottage throughout the Ban de la Roche.

THE END.





VALUABLE
RELIGIOUS BOOKS,
FOR THE
FIRESIDE AND SABBATH SCHOOL.

MISS CHUBBUCK'S, (now Mrs Judson)
PRACTICAL STORIES.
REVISED EDITIONS.

THE GREAT SECRET,
OR HOW TO BE HAPPY..

FANNY ELMORE,
A SECOND PART TO THE GREAT SECRET.

CHARLES LINN,
OR HOW TO OBSERVE THE GOLDEN RULE.

ALLEN LUCAS,
THE SELF MADE MAN.

A SCRIPTURAL DEFENCE
OF THE
DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY;
OR,
A CHECK TO MODERN ARIANISM,

As taught by Unitarians, Campbellites, Hicksites, New Laghis, Universalists, and Mormons; and especially by a sect calling themselves Christians.

BY REV. H. MATTISON.

THE author has done a good service in attacking that grand feature of almost all modern heresies—the denial of the Godhead of the Son and Holy Spirit. His treatise seems to be peculiarly adapted to general circulation, and Arianism is shown to be anything but the truth as revealed from on high.—*The Presbyterian.*

This small volume is wisely intended to meet a practical want, by defending the doctrine of the Trinity—not so much against scholastic speculations as against the more popular forms of error.—*New-York Recorder.*

An able little volume in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity. . . . The line of argument is vigorously and closely traced, and in a style adapted to popular readers.—*Zion's Herald & Wesleyan Jour.*

This is a timely production—serving to quicken attention to what must ever be a central truth of Christianity.—*Olive Branch.*

An able defence of the doctrine of the Trinity.—The author has done good service to the cause of truth in the volume before us.—*North. Chr. Adv.*

The author has presented a fair view of the Scriptural doctrine on this subject. He has also exposed the fallacy of the objections brought against the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ.—*Christ. Chronicle.*

We take rank with Trinitarians, and regard Mr Mattison as having done good justice to the subject. He is a close reasoner, and possesses a mind well adapted to polemic investigation.—*True Wesleyan.*

FOR BIBLE CLASSES.

ELEMENTS OF THEOLOGY;

OR, THE LEADING TOPICS OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY,
PLAINLY AND SCRIPTURALLY SET FORTH; WITH
THE PRINCIPAL EVIDENCES OF DIVINE REVELA-
TION CONCISELY STATED.

WITH QUESTIONS,

FOR THE USE OF BIBLE CLASSES, SEMINARIES OF LEARNING
AND FAMILIES.

By DANIEL HASCALL, A. M.

The plan of the work is thus stated by the author:—

1. After a concise proof of the existence of God from creation, to set forth the evidences of a Divine Revelation contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.
2. The attributes of God, as delineated in the revelations which he has made of himself.
3. The primitive and present character of man.
4. The recovery of lost men.
5. The agency of creatures connected with this recovery.
6. What befalls man at and after death.

These subjects are treated of in a series of brief essays, with questions at the close of each essay or chapter. The whole is comprised in an 18mo of 260 pages. The style of the author is terse and suggestive. He just touches upon the leading thoughts in every subject treated of—puts the reader upon the right train of thought—and then leaves it for another.

The book is very readable, and interesting to the solitary inquirer into the "elements" of religious truth; but judging from the questions, the author designed it mainly as a text-book for instruction. Pastors will find it a suitable book to put into the hands of any in their charge, who may wish to form a class for the systematic study of the groundwork of our religion; and *Preceptors of Academies*, who think that theological science should have a place among other sciences in the education of youth, will find this book better adapted to their wants than anything which has been before published.

"The author is a man of experience, soundness, piety, and learning in the topics of which the present work treats. His successful aim has been to give instruction in the most important branch of knowledge—the knowledge of God and of ourselves."

[*Christian Reflector.*

"Its use among the young will, with the divine blessing, contribute to a sounder condition of our churches. Topics relating to church order are omitted, and it may therefore be appropriately circulated among all evangelical denominations."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

LEWIS COLBY & COMPANY,

122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,

PUBLISH A GREAT VARIETY OF

CHOICE AND VALUABLE

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS,

Uniformly bound, in neat half-roan, and generally illustrated with fine wood Engravings.

**NEW BOOKS OF APPROVED CHARACTER,
ARE CONTINUALLY BEING ISSUED.**

BOOKSELLERS,

And dealers in S. S. Books, may be supplied upon advantageous terms. Such as reside at a distance and have not means of making selections, may depend upon great care being taken, and upon receiving new and perfect copies.

SABBATH SCHOOLS

Wishing to replenish their libraries, may rely upon having their orders carefully attended to. Orders from the country should be accompanied by a list of such books as are already on hand, together with the amount to be expended.

(3)-Catalogues furnished gratis upon application.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL MINSTREL,

**DESIGNED FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, FAMILIES AND
SOCIAL MEETINGS.**

This collection of music and hymns has been made with especial reference to the wants of the Sabbath School. The style of the music is simple and devotional; and while it will gratify those somewhat advanced in the science, it may be learned with facility by even the youngest scholar. The object has been to introduce as large a number of appropriate hymns as possible, varying in length and in measure; and all adapted to the exercises of the Sabbath School, its Anniversaries, Celebrations, &c.

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE JUDSON OFFERING.

Intended as a token of Christian Sympathy with the
Living, and a Memento of Christian
Affection for the Dead.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING, A. M.,
Author of "History of Romanism," &c.

[Fifth Thousand.]

This edition contains several additional articles, in
prose and verse, relative to the departure of Mr. and
Mrs. Judson for Burmah.

Notices of the former Editions.

It is done up in fancy style, something after the fashion
of the annuals; and a handsome engraving, representing
"The Departure," faces the title. It is neat and
spirited, and we doubt not, will meet, as it deserves, an
extensive circulation. The fervent missionary spirit that
runs through its pages, renders it a valuable work for
the young; and we hope it will be selected by thou-
sands as a holiday present, instead of the expensive, but
less useful annuals, with which the shelves of the book-
stores are plentifully supplied.—*Christian Secretary.*

Altogether, it will form an acceptable popular offering,
and obtain a wide circulation. Considering the taste and
perfection of the mechanical execution, the price is low.
—*New-York Recorder.*

122 NASSAU-ST., NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

The volume before us is a collection of the effusions, in poetry and prose, which have been called forth by the arrival and presence of Dr. Judson in this country; together with several pieces written expressly for this work, and "Sketches of Missionary Life," by its editor, comprising a brief, connected history of the leading events in the missionary life of Judson. The editor, with whose powers and talents as a writer, the readers of the *Watchman* have, for sometime, been well acquainted, has performed a task which cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the Christian public, and must have been very grateful to his own feelings. His "sketches" are very graphic and touching, and the whole arrangement of the volume displays sound sense, good taste, literary skill, and a deep interest in his theme.—*Christian Watchman*.

We are happy to commend this volume, both for the beauty of its execution, and for the valuable and interesting matter it contains. Christian parents, or others, who may wish to present a token of affection, will find a suitable one in this "Offering."—*New-England Puritan*.

The design of this work is to render the tribute, which every Christian heart must feel, to the pious labors and self-denial of Dr. Judson, who has been so long and successfully engaged in missionary labors in Burmah. It consists of various pieces of poetry and prose, chiefly by the editor, of no little merit, and bearing upon the missionary enterprise. It is very neatly printed.—*New-York Evangelist*.

It is composed of missionary pieces, from the most pious and gifted poetic and prose writers. The whole breathes a right spirit; and it is a happy thing that this occasion has been seized upon to give popularity and currency to reading of so pure and benevolent a character.—*Boston Recorder*.

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

It comprises various short articles, in prose and verse, including the addresses to Judson, at the meeting of the Triennial Convention, by Dr. Wayland, and at the mass meeting in Richmond, by Elder Jeter. Some of the best articles are from the pen of the editor, entitled, "Sketches of Missionary Life." We have no doubt that many thousands will be sold. It is well calculated to be a popular work.—*Rel. Herald, Richmond, Va.*

A beautiful volume, of near 300 pages, consisting of deeply interesting missionary sketches, both in prose and poetry, from some of the ablest pens; valuable for the biographical and historical information it contains, as well as for the influence it will exert in favor of the great enterprise.—*Baptist Register, Utica.*

A tribute justly due to *Living* and *departed* worth—does honor to the head and heart of the estimable compiler—well-adapted, not only to awaken and increase the spirit of missions, but to have a salutary impression upon the minds of all who peruse it.—*Advocate of Moral Reform.*

It is the frame work of the History of the Burman Mission, interlaced and entwined with the blossoms and fragrance of some of the choicest effusions of poetry. The style of execution is elegant. Every family should have this book.—*Baptist Record, Philadelphia.*

A handsome, and deeply interesting publication, which we desire to see introduced to the notice of our readers, in something more than merely a formal declaration. The execution is worthy of the design; and its wide circulation will accomplish much more than the commemoration of Judson's visit; it will tend to cultivate a Judson's spirit in the rising generation. We hope to see it in many of the happy homes of Michigan. It will always make an elegant and acceptable gift.—*Michigan Herald, Detroit.*

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS OF
WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D. D.

**THE CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLE
IN OUR LITERATURE**

18mo. cloth, 37½ cents.

**THE CHURCH OF CHRIST,
THE HOME AND HOPE OF THE FREE.**

18mo. pamphlet, 12½ cents.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN HIS SANCTUARY.

8vo. pamphlet, 64 pages, price 25 cents.

Like the other productions of its eloquent author, it abounds in splendid imagery and striking original views, set forth in language glowing and expressive.—*Christian Reflector.*

**A GOOD MINISTER
OR
JESUS CHRIST.**

18mo. pamphlet, 12½ cents.

122 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLBY'S PUBLICATIONS.

FULLER AND WAYLAND ON SLAVERY

DOMESTIC SLAVERY

CONSIDERED AS A SCRIPTURAL INSTITUTION ;

In a Correspondence between the

**REV. RICHARD FULLER, D. D.,
OF BEAUFORT, S. C.,**

AND THE

**REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D.,
OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

This is a standard text-book upon the subject.

Let no one say, *I have read enough on this subject.* It fills a place never before occupied—a calm, candid, and very able discussion of the subject in a Christian-like manner. No one should be without it, as it will long be a book of reference.

“This is the best specimen of controversial writing on slavery, or any other subject, we have ever read. The parties engaged in it are men of high distinction, and pre-eminently qualified for the task; and the kind and Christian spirit that pervades the entire work, is a beautiful commentary on the power of the gospel. This discussion is complete, and whoever reads it need read nothing more, to enable him to form a correct view of the subject in question.”—*Lutheran Observer.*

It is handsomely executed, and put at a low price. 50 cents—254 pages, 18mo.

122 NASSAU-ST., NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLEY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE
PASTORS' HANDBOOK,

COMPRISED
SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

ARRANGED FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS OF OFFICIAL DUTY,
SELECT FORMULAS FOR THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, ETC.;

AND
RULES OF BUSINESS

For Churches, Ecclesiastical and other Deliberative Assemblies.

BY REV. W. W. EVERTS,

PASTOR OF LAIGHT STREET CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

Recommendations

There are strong and just feelings against formulas of worship; but the design of this work is simply to bring together passages of the Bible on one subject, in order to save the minister the trouble of collecting them, at the time, for himself. In addition to the mere convenience of such a work, it will contribute not a little to unfold the beauties and harmonies of the sacred writings.

E. W. DICKINSON.

The language in which inspired men breathed their devotions to Heaven, and in which the Holy Spirit has clothed his own thoughts, is most appropriate to the ends of worship, and no doubt, most acceptable to the Father of our Spirits.

A judicious arrangement and classification of Scripture passages, therefore, to be used on public occasions, would be found eminently serviceable to all the Pastors of our country. It would relieve an embarrassment, which they all, in common with the subscriber, have probably felt, especially on sudden emergencies. I would therefore, earnestly recommend the work of Mr. Everts to the attention of the Pastors, and of the public generally.

PHARCELLUS CHURCH.

122 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

I am confident it will be of great service to ministers of the Gospel. J. S. BACKUS.

Should the work which you have so well commenced, be faithfully executed in all parts, I could most cordially recommend its publication. As a help to pastors, especially on extraordinary occasions, it would possess great value. BENJ. STOW.

I regard the plan as very judicious, and the selections as well made and highly appropriate. There can be no doubt that such a work, properly executed, would be very convenient and acceptable to the ministry generally, and tend much to increase the facility, pertinence, and impressiveness of their official duties. GEORGE B. IDE.

I concur in opinion with the Rev. Mr. Ide.

THOMAS H. SKINNER,
W. PATTON.

We heartily concur in the above recommendations.

ELISHA TUCKER,
JAMES L. HODGE,
DAVID BELLAMY,
HENRY DAVIS,
E. E. L. T. YLOR,
E. LATHROP.

Such a work I have no doubt will be received with great satisfaction by every one in the sacred profession, who values appropriateness in public religious services.

I cannot help thinking that the time has come when such a book will be received with great interest. It brings no one to any prescribed course, and yet suggests services of a character that will almost compel the greater proportion of those clergymen into whose hands it may fall, to avail themselves of its aid. JOEL PARKER.

I heartily concur in the above recommendations of the Rev. Dr. Parker.

N. BANGS.

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE
BIBLE MANUAL.

BY REV: W. W. EVERETT,
PASTOR OF LIGHT STREET CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

THIS is an enlargement of the plan of the "PASTOR'S HANDBOOK," and contains selections of Scripture, arranged for nearly all special occasions of religious worship, as the Ordinance of Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Church meetings, Ordination and Dedication services, Bible, Missionary, and Sunday School meetings, Thanksgiving, and Fast days, &c. &c. It embraces also a large variety of selections for ordinary occasions of private and public worship, unfolding the leading doctrines and duties of Revelation.

The Appendix consists of a copious classification of Scripture text, upon the various doctrines of Scripture, originally published under the name of the "Scripture Text Book," by the Irish Religious Tract Society. It was received with such favor that more than thirty thousand copies have already been sold, and of the last edition three thousand copies were sold in one month.

Thus comprehensive in its plan, and various in its matter, the "Selections" is a suitable companion for the Bible and Hymn book, in the family circle, and in the place of worship; a useful guide to private devotion, and a convenient directory for the pulpit.

I have examined, at much length, the Manuscript of the "Scripture Selections," prepared by the Rev. W. W. Everett of this city. They seem well chosen and arranged, and promise to afford, especially to the Christian pastor, when suddenly summoned to funeral and other services, very efficient aid; whilst to the private Christian they must be of interest, as guiding his studies in the Scriptures, and as illustrations of the harmony and fulness of God's word on the several topics discussed.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

122 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLBY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

I regard the "Scripture Selections," prepared by my excellent friend and brother, the Rev. W. W. Everts, as a work of much practical utility in the discharge of pastoral duties. I have examined the plan and some of the proof-sheets with considerable minuteness, and consider both the plan and the selections as eminently judicious. The need of such appropriate and copious selections of holy writ, is often felt by the minister of the gospel in the performances of the multifarious duties of the pastoral office. At funerals, I have long been in the habit of carrying into practice the plan so fully developed in this useful work. I have opened the Bible, as though I were reading, and by the aid of a somewhat retentive memory, have repeated from different parts of the Bible, some twenty or thirty texts appropriate to the circumstances and the occasion. In future, I shall relieve my memory, and I have no doubt increase the interest of these and other occasions, by avail myself of the excellent compilation of Mr. Everts.

JOHN DOWLINE.

After examining your plan and a portion of your work, I cheerfully express the belief that you will *do good*, by furnishing the Church with "the Scripture Selections."

GEORGE POTTS.

I am happy to say that I see reason to believe that your volume will meet a want which has been felt by almost every minister, who has been in the habit of making the reading of the Scriptures a part of his public exercise.

R. W. CUSHMAN.

Having considered the object and plan of the "Selections of Scripture, arranged for various occasions of religious service," and satisfied of its desirableness and utility, I cordially concur in the above recommendation.

THOMAS DEWITT.

I am satisfied that it will answer most valuable purposes as a manual for conducting religious services.

GEORGE PECK.

We heartily concur in the above recommendations.

ELISHA TUCKER, | DAVID BELLAMY, | E. E. L. TAYLOR,
JAMES L. HODGE, | HENRY DAVIS, | E. LATHROP.

LEWIS COLBY'S PUBLICATIONS.

FACTS FOR BOYS,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D.

Handsomely bound in cloth. 18mo.....31 cents.
Extra Gilt,.....50 "

FACTS FOR GIRLS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

And uniform with the above.

These are very entertaining and useful books for children—inculcating religious Truth by interesting Facts, Anecdotes, and Stories. It is just the kind of reading which children like.

EVERY DAY DUTY:

OR

SKETCHES OF CHILDISH CHARACTER.

The Author, in this book, in plain and simple language, enters into the sports and incidents of childhood, and would show to children that they are always happiest when doing right. *Uniform with the above.*

122 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLBY'S PUBLICATIONS.

A PURE CHRISTIANITY
THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE.

BY REVEREND W. CUSHMAN,
PASTOR OF THE BOWDOIN SQUARE CHURCH, BOSTON
A Practical and Standard Work.

Price, 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

SYNOPTICAL VIEW.

True Religion the only Moral Conservative.

Scripture View of Christianity.

*Means of Restoring Christianity to its Primitive
Efficacy.*

Duty of the Christian in the Present State of Things.

This work is an able vindication of Scriptural Christianity, both in reference to its spirit, and its organization and ordinances.

"There is in this work a forcible statement of some prevalent obstacles to the progress of pure religion, which ought to be universally studied. The author shows a sagacious and penetrating mind in his view of the subject, and a degree of boldness and outspoken honesty in setting it forth, quite worthy of a follower of Roger Williams. We commend it to all who love religious freedom, as worth study and admiration."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"It is severe against the errors of the age; is written with great vigor of style, and spiciness of illustration, and cannot fail to awaken interest."—*Baptist Advocate.*

"This little book is a desideratum, and ought to be read by all classes."—*Baptist Record.*

122 NASSAU-ST., NEW-YORK.

LEWIS COLBY'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE LONDON APPRENTICE:
AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE;
WITH A PREFACE.

BY W. H. PEARCE,
Missionary from Calcutta.

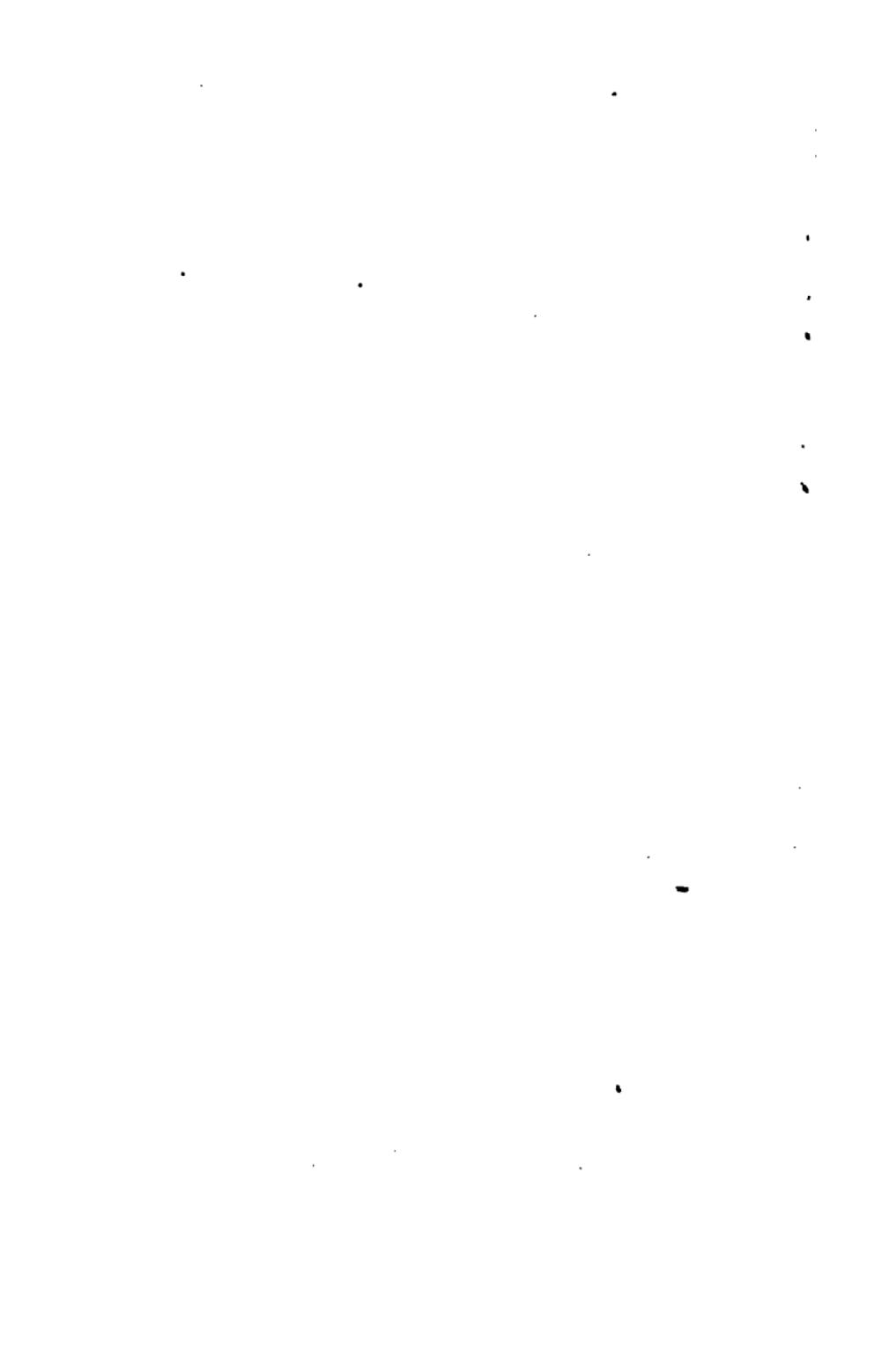
"I should be glad if my notice of this little work—'The Happy Transformation'—should induce numbers of young men to purchase and read it."—*Rev. J. A. James's "Young Man from Home."*

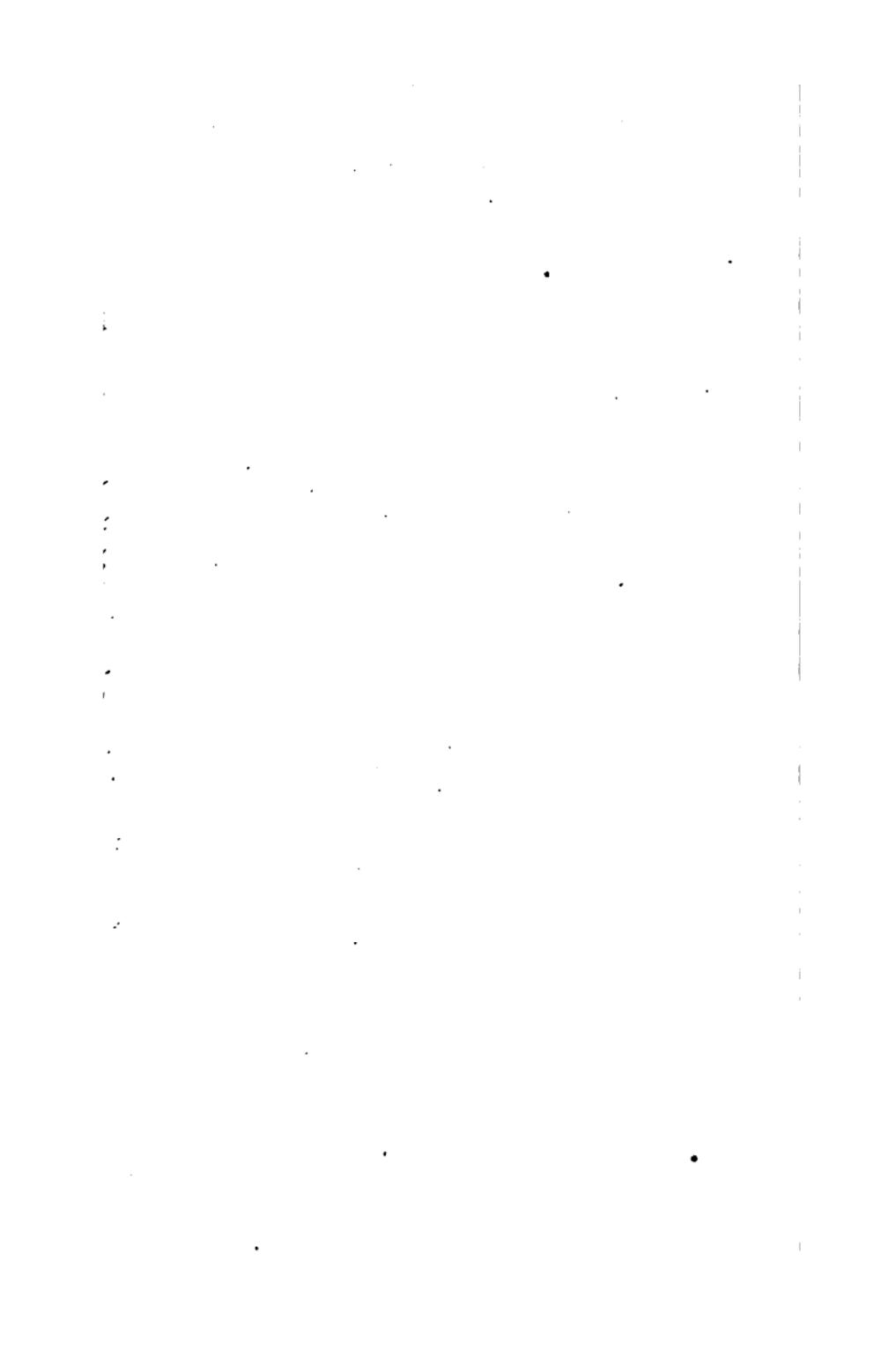
Nothing can be more suitable for young men leaving home, to engage in business. The work is especially intended for the benefit of young persons, about to enter on, or already engaged in, the pursuit of business in cities and large towns. The narrative is also adapted for usefulness to persons of every age, and in the most varied circumstances. It exhibits in striking colors the unsatisfactory nature, and the bitter consequences, even in this life, of what are falsely called "the pleasures" of youth. Embellished with engravings. 18mo. 31 cent.

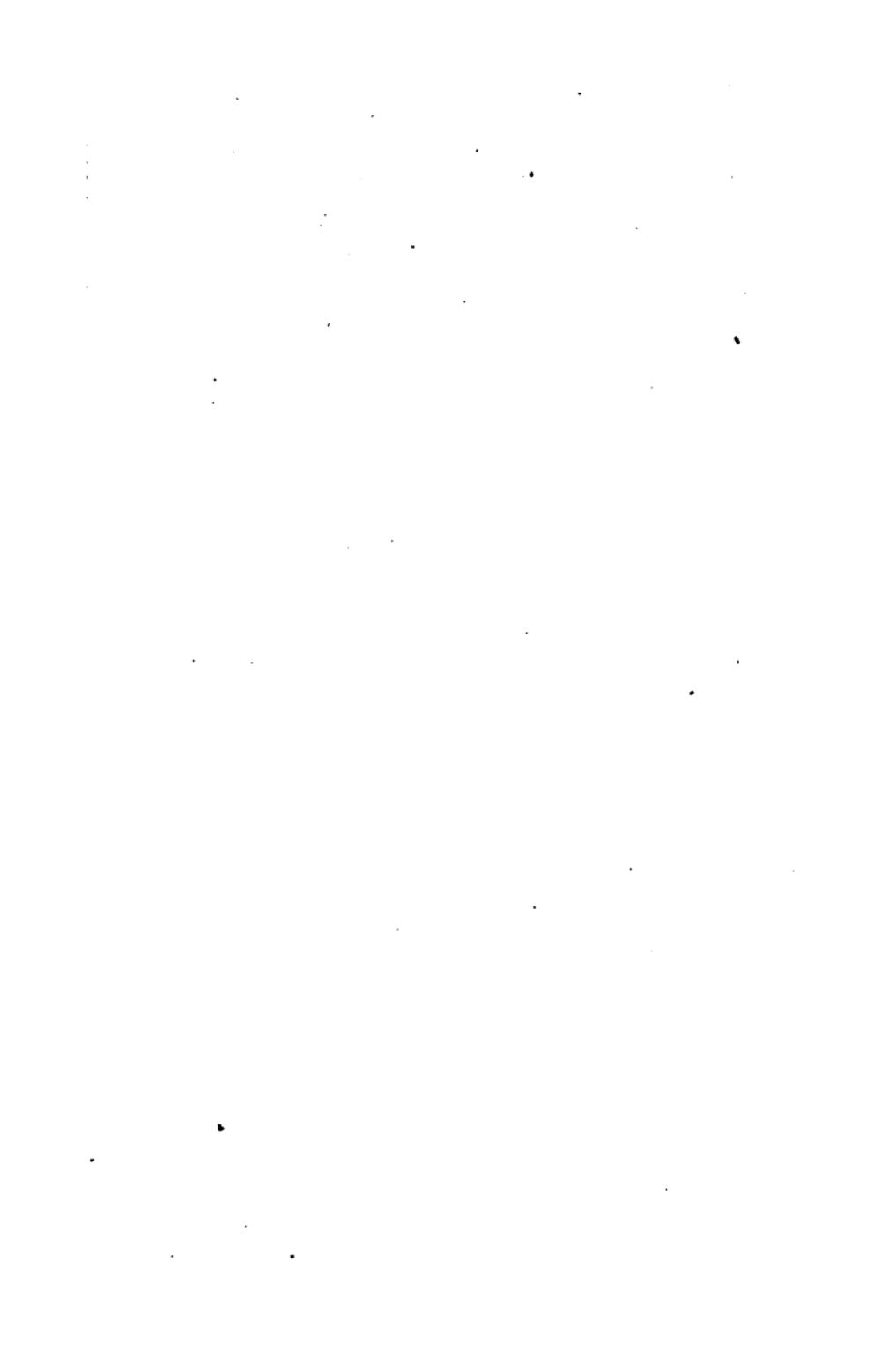
THE WAY FOR A CHILD TO BE SAVED.

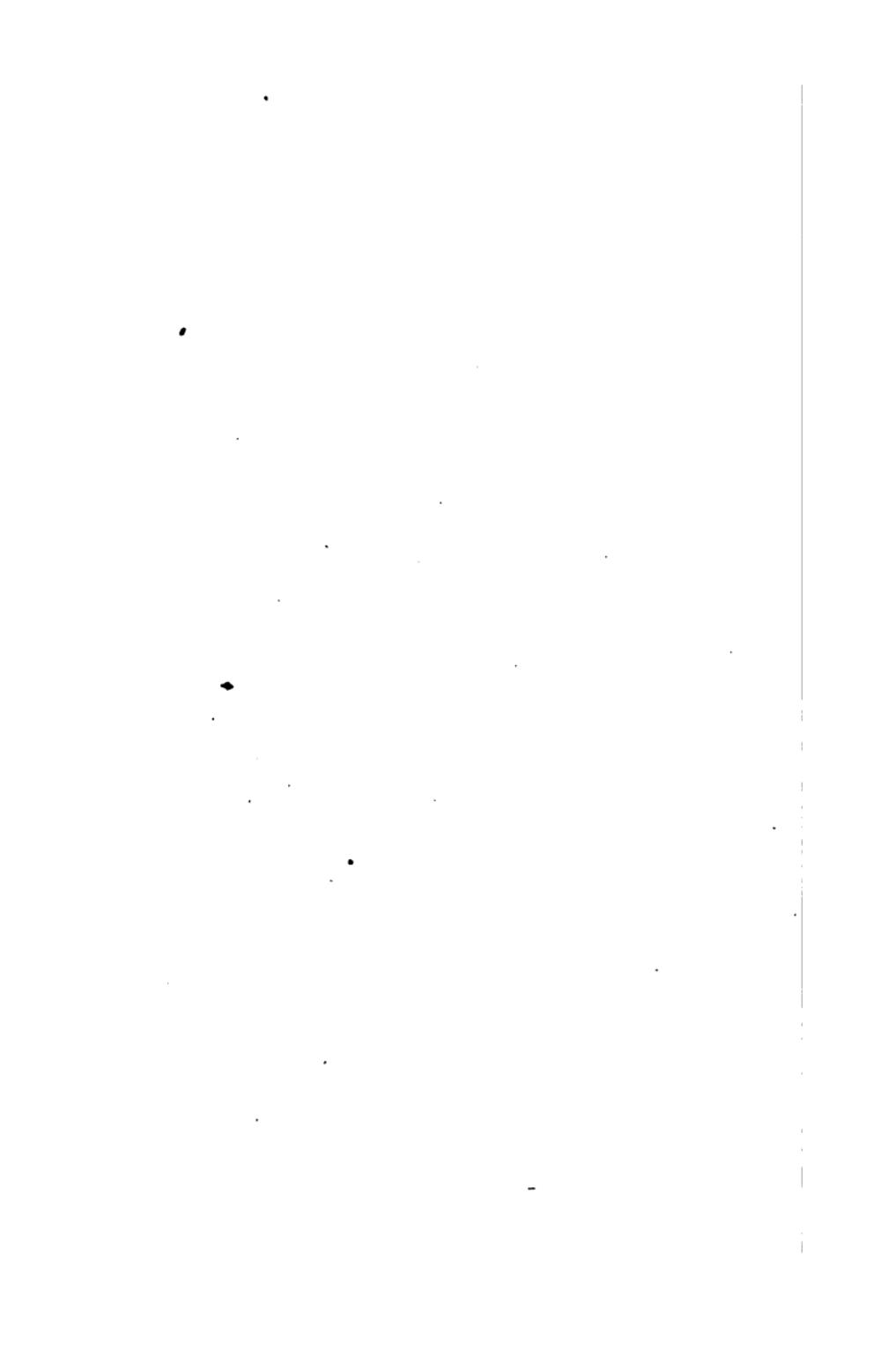
This entertaining book, which has already had a wide circulation, can hardly fail of being a means of good to every child that reads it. 18mo. 31 cents.

122 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.









EE
Mar 1927

